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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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June 9, 1979 Price One Dollar

With Friends Like These

Stephen Chapman on the Modern Quakers

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TRB

from Washington
June 9, 1979

Rerun

The lights darkened, the conversation stopped and there was the familiar figure on the screen talking from the White House about the energy crisis. "We are heading toward the most acute shortages of energy since World War II," he said. "It will affect the lives of each and every one of us. It will require some sacrifice by all Americans."

"How many times," the president asked, "have you gone along the freeway and seen hundreds of cars with only one individual in that car? It is only prudent that we be ready to cut consumption of oil by rationing."

Why had it happened, he asked? Because "we are running out of energy," he said. "We have only six percent of the world's people in America, but we consume over 30 percent of all the energy in the world."

He complained of Congress. "Two years ago," he said, "I called attention to our urgent energy problem. But thus far not one major energy bill that I have asked for has been enacted."

At the end he put in a little personal note. Despite "the deplorable Watergate matter," he said, "I have no intention whatever of walking away from the job."

Yes, it was Richard Nixon speaking about the energy crisis on the evening of November 7, 1973.

I took the Nixon speech home to read after listening to President Carter's press conference last week. They were almost interchangeable. Three presidents for six years have made the same appeal (Jerry Ford pleaded for "immediate action" and a "massive program" on January 15, 1975). Nixon complained that 17 percent of our oil was imported; now it's 50 percent. Domestic production is declining and we are using more and more: 18 percent more at the start of 1978 than in 1973. This can't last. There is no mandate that allows the US 100 million cars averaging only 12.5 miles a gallon, nor do we use 30 percent of the world's energy by divine right.

Always there are scoffers. The *Wall Street Journal* editorial, April 20, 1978, was sarcastically headed "MEOW," referring to Carter's "moral equivalent of war." "US oil imports are no longer growing," the *Journal* said; "the price of oil . . . fell after inflation adjustment"; "in California crude oil is a drug on the market." The emergency was all a false alarm, you see. "Consumers are reducing their energy consumption by about 2 percent yearly" the editorial reported. It added, "the biggest change since MEOW a year ago is that more of the public and more of the Congress now understand." No oil crisis. Next problem. (Some editorials should be labeled OWNID: often wrong, never in doubt.)

A lot of reporters turned up at Carter's press conference last week to watch him react. He was bound to be asked tough questions. Everything had been going against him: energy, inflation, polls, Democratic slap-downs in Congress, ghost-writer Fallows's criticism in the *Atlantic*, rising Kennedy popularity, the Lance affair. How would he take it? Would he burst out, lose his cool—upbraid? He had been moving into sharper and sharper comments recently. . . .

I thought Carter did pretty well. I thought it was maybe one of the most important press conferences of his incumbency, psychologically; not for anything particularly that he said but for the mood and manner. He was restrained, firm, calm. He wasn't FDR with his magic Fireside Chat manner. He wasn't gutsy Harry Truman snapping like a fox terrier. He wasn't fairy-story Jack Kennedy with his Camelot grin. He was just ordinary born-again Carter, quietly firm, possibly mistaken, saying "I'll continue to serve the country as best I can" and even managing to get a little humor out of it. He wasn't sticking to energy decontrol to get votes, he told us with a rueful smile. It lost votes! He just didn't see how he could keep on cushioning the country from oil shortages. He didn't apologize for sneaking off and going fishing with his wife away from the press. Maybe presidents, too, he said, need recreation at times. It was rather touching. Never underestimate the political underdog. And Bert Lance? He's still my friend, Carter said.

Now Carter has three extraordinary intertwined problems: energy, inflation and SALT. If the price of oil rises it deepens inflation; if he can't solve inflation and energy (and he hasn't so far) his prestige weakens for achieving SALT. The fate of SALT rests ultimately on popular trust in his judgment. (The technical details are incomprehensible.) These are vast issues at a dangerous time when party discipline is the weakest in a century, when government seems to falter and stalemate and when finite global resources, like oil, seem to be giving out.

Teddy Kennedy is an enigmatic figure in all this. He is one of the best political speakers in the country; I have found him again and again in Congress articulating the liberal sentiments I like. He has the name, the flamboyance, the allure that Carter lacks, as the latter struggles with his intractable problems. Kennedy constantly says he's not a candidate, and he laughs about it: he will tell any group he's not running, he says—as large a group as you can get together!

I think Kennedy currently is on the wrong track on two issues and is doing Carter, himself and his party harm. He favors universal mandatory health insurance (which TRB has favored ever since Harry Truman first proposed it, but which seems singularly ill-timed now during 14 percent inflation). The other problem, decontrol of oil, is a more difficult issue: Kennedy in New York in April charged the administration with "throwing in the towel" to the "oil lobby" on this.

Kennedy should certainly speak his mind and more power to him. But these expressions would come with better grace, I think, if he made a preliminary, categorical withdrawal from the presidential race. Otherwise they are increasingly divisive and disruptive. My own guess is that Kennedy doesn't want to run; in fact won't run. Not in 1980 anyway. It brings up a disagreeable subject that must be faced. The best book on the senator I know is *Edward Kennedy and the Camelot Legacy* by James MacGregor Burns (W. W. Norton; 1976), a sympathetic account that touches quietly, but firmly on Chappaquiddick. Do these Democrats who want Kennedy realize the kind of a campaign it would be? They would first repudiate President Carter, then replace him with a vulnerable substitute. Ten years ago Kennedy conceded his "indefensible" behavior. The whole sorry story would be out again if he ran. What a gift to the GOP

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Correspondence

Felker's legacy

To the editors:

Harold Hayes remembers history his way ("What Every Man Needs to Know," *TNR*, May 26). I remember *Esquire* in 1959 and the early 1960s as the magazine I most wanted to write for because Clay Felker was there.

The new journalism was rising at *Esquire*, borrowing from the *New Yorker*, stealing from the Beat generation—but helping mightily to liberate American nonfiction. By 1960, *Esquire* was setting the pace for an overlapping generation of anti-novel journalists, counterculture advocates and establishment investigative reporters. Harold Hayes spent most of one of those seminal years at Harvard on a Neiman. And even when he was on the job, it was Felker, not Hayes, who impressed me and, I venture to say, other contributors with his high enthusiasm for ideas and good writing.

Alas, Arnold Gingrich chose Hayes over Felker to be his chief aide. I do not know why. I think it was a mistake. Hayes did a good job; Felker would have done better. But then as now, since Felker is not a particularly pleasant man, much less a man of reason, I did not feel sorry for him. But Hayes has raised the issue, so it must be said that Felker's true and lasting legacy to American journalism is not the idea of the "service" magazine. With or without Felker, that was coming. You have to go back 20 years to identify Felker's contributions: I think that next to Arnold Gingrich, Felker was the best editor *Esquire* ever had. He deserves most of the credit for whatever got started at *Esquire* in 1959, for whatever the *Esquire* article came to mean in the 1960s, and for whatever it is that Harold Hayes, by his self-serving funeral oration, is trying to take away from the poor bastard.

Thomas B. Morgan
New York, New York

Worldwide population growth

To the editors:

TRB, in an admirable article on population growth ("Clock Watching," *TNR*, May 12), writes that the US "lacks the will to stop half a million or a million illegals annually from Mexico."

Regardless of whether or not the US lacks the will to do something about the problem, the sentence is inconsistent with the rest of the article. If a natural growth in population is the problem, where does emigration, be it legal or illegal, come into play?

The issue of worldwide population growth should be of concern to every nation. The fiction of man-made geographic borders is both pointless and parochial. We are one world and the effects of population growth on natural resources is something we shall all feel.

Richard Conti
New York, New York

A call for temperate contemplation

To the editors:

Michael Kinsley's piece on journalists' privilege (*TNR*, May 12) reminds me of the letter that should have simmered a day or two before mailing. "Monomaniacal," "First Amendment junkies," "ravings," and "press fanatics" are not terms that commend an argument. It is noteworthy that in *Herbert* v. *Lando* Justice Lewis Powell in a concurring opinion thought it necessary to remind Justice White (author of the Court's opinion) of the First Amendment. Justice Potter Stewart had to do the same in his *Stanford Daily* dissent.

Kinsley would do well to give freedom of the press additional and more temperate contemplation, for it is that concept broadly construed that distinguishes the American society from every other society on earth.

Donald M. Gillmor
St. Paul, Minnesota

Change of authorship

To the editors:

I read with interest Francine du Plessix Gray's article and review ("Thomas Merton: Man and Monk," *TNR*, May 26). Lively, fair and faultless except for a single point. Merton was at Cambridge, not Oxford, and left after one year, not two. As Ms. Gray was kind enough to comment that "the definitive biography by John Howard Griffin has been long awaited," your readers may be interested to know that there has been a change of authorship. Mr. Griffin has been unable to continue because of illness. Last year I was asked by the Merton Legacy Trust and Houghton Mifflin to write the official biography. I am currently doing the research and while I have access to all the Trust papers as well as those collected by Mr. Griffin, I am particularly anxious to make contact with those who knew Thomas Merton and those who have material which is not already available to the Trust.

Michael Mott
1210 Cameron Ct., NE
Atlanta, Georgia

Belligerent rights

To the editors:

I am bothered by Michael Walzer's comment that because the Cambodian government could not resist North Vietnam's establishment of guerrilla sanctuaries in Cambodia from which to fight the United States, "it justified an American response—assuming, what I think is true, that American soldiers, even if they were in Vietnam unjustly, had the usual belligerent rights" (review of *Sideshow: Kissinger, Nixon and the Destruction of Cambodia*, *TNR*, May 26). Belligerent *rights*? Perhaps we had an *obligation* to Cambodia, if it requested, to attempt to expel the Vietnamese, thereby undoing the damage we had provoked. Even this view is dangerous, considering the possibility of undue influence by the United States over Cambodia in prompting a "request" and considering that this same view assumes the questionable right of one country to interfere in disputes between others, even when requested. Further, how does one separate driving the Vietnamese from Cambodia from continuing our aggression against them? If someone breaks into my house and attempts to murder me, does my breaking into a neighbor's house to defend myself give my attacker belligerent rights—even if my neighbor asks him to throw me out?

Henry Cohen
Silver Spring, Maryland

Clearing a path for Teddy

To the editors:

John Osborne's article on Senator Kennedy's possible presidential aspirations for 1980 ("White House Watch: Teddy Who?," *TNR*, May 19) raised an issue which has been voiced on

(continued on page 41)

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Cover: "Quaker Meeting" (19th century), Anonymous, American. Courtesy Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Article on page 14.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

June 9, 1979

The Last Waltz With Brezhnev

The battering that President Carter has been taking lately must create temptations to try to recoup with some grand peacemaking success at this month's summit meeting with Leonid Brezhnev in Vienna. We hope that Carter will not give in to any such temptations. Probably any "breakthrough" would be seen cynically anyway, and efforts to reach for quick agreements could do long-term damage to US interests. There is useful work for Carter to do at the summit, though, especially in informing the Soviets what behavior on their part will contribute to better US-Soviet relations, and what will not.

Foreign policy officials in the administration are issuing the usual statements that we should not expect big surprises at Vienna. But there are bound to be efforts on the part of White House political aides to overdramatize what does take place. President Carter himself has a tendency to magnify both successes and setbacks. When the SALT II treaty is signed and a declaration of principles is issued for SALT III negotiations, the White House should restrain itself from proclaiming these agreements as the dawning of some new age. If the Soviet Union releases Anatoly Scharansky and other prisoners of conscience, the administration should not present this as evidence of some new Carter-induced liberalization.

Nor should the White House try to claim credit for the fact that the Soviets have been on good behavior lately, avoiding new interventions in Africa and the Middle East. The Soviets, it seems obvious, are behaving themselves because they are afraid that their normal conduct will result in the Senate defeating SALT and the White House denying them trade concessions. They are letting Jews out of the country in the hope of satisfying the terms of the Jackson-Vanik amendment. They have toned down their propaganda attacks on the Egypt-Israel peace agreement. They have called off attacks from South Yemen into North Yemen, and no Cubans are on the move in Africa. The case can be made that these temporary improvements are partly the result of US diplomacy. But the improvement is only temporary. There is no reason to suppose that the Soviets won't end these departures from their usual imperialist and totalitarian ways when it suits them.

Theoretically, the United States should be able to involve the Soviet Union in a web of mutually beneficial agreements and connections that gives the Soviets constant incentives to moderate their behavior. This theory underlies the policies of detente pursued by this administration and the Ford and Nixon administrations before it, and we do not dispute the theory. The problem is that Richard Nixon oversold agreements he reached as a "generation of peace." (Henry Kissinger, who knows better now, did not dispute him.) Another problem is that Nixon was so eager for agreements that he ignored the costs involved for the United States. The great grain sale is the most notorious example.

We favor sound agreements with the Soviet Union, soundly sold. We favor SALT II as a limited control on the arms race. We favor negotiating substantial reductions in nuclear arsenals in SALT III, provided we do not trade away NATO's right to use medium-range nuclear weapons to achieve parity with the Soviet

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forces. We hope that President Carter will reach an agreement in principle with Brezhnev on banning killer satellites, a technology in which the Soviets seem to be ahead of us. We also hope there will be progress on a treaty to stop nuclear testing, especially in view of apparent Soviet willingness—for the first time—to allow seismic detectors on their territory. In return, however, we anticipate that the Soviets will want concessions from us on force reductions in Europe, both nuclear and non-nuclear. Carter should not give in on these points at the summit because doing so would be cutting our allies out of talks in which they have the decisive interest.

The current ruling gerontocracy in the Soviet Union is destined to give way shortly to a new generation of officials who are better educated and better acquainted with the world than their stodgy old predecessors. The new batch will not bear the scars of the terror of the 1930s, of World War II and of post-war Stalinism. They are likely to be less cautious and conformist than the current leadership. Possibly they will be more adventurous. Will they apply themselves to stimulating the Soviet economy, or will they try to conquer the world? The United States can offer incentives to them, but it also must concentrate on creating new disincentives.. We need to upgrade our military capabilities in Europe and along the oil routes to and from the Middle East. And we need to demonstrate the will to resist Soviet meddling in Africa. So far, the US has refused to supply aid and arms to Moslem guerrillas who have been fighting the pro-Soviet regime in Afghanistan. If Afghanistan threatens to become Russia's Vietnam, should the United States play the role that Russia played in our Vietnam? We should make sure we have the option and if we do not employ it, we should make sure that we get someting from the Soviets in return.

We expect no sudden great improvement in Carter's political fortunes as a result of the summit. We hope that he will get—and deserve—credit, eventually, for steady management of the ambiguous competitive-cooperative US-Soviet relationship. It is hard to be a hero doing difficult work like this. So far, Carter has had the courage not to try to look like one. We hope he sustains that courage in Vienna.

Summer Schedule:

We will omit the issues of July 14, July 28, August 11 and September 8.

The Human Comedy

A recent telegram to these offices:

> FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE
> SAM CHURCH, JR., VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED MINE WORKERS OF AMERICA WILL HOLD A NEWS CONFERENCE AT 12 NOON, FRIDAY, MAY 18, 1979 IN THE UMWA HEADQUARTERS, 900 15TH STREET, N.W. WASHINGTON, D.C. THE SUBJECT OF THE CONFERENCE WILL BE THE RECENT RELEASE OF HIS FIRST NASHVILLE RECORDING. SAM'S WIFE PATTI WROTE THE SONGS, WITH SAM'S HELP—AND SAM RECORDED THE SONGS, "BLACK GOLD" AND "THERE IS NO BETTER WAY." THE SONGS EMPHASIZE THE CARTER ADMINISTRATION'S ENERGY PROGRAM, WHICH DOES NOT CONSIDER COAL AS A VIABLE ENERGY SOURCE.

From the restaurant listings of *Texas Monthly* magazine:

> Restaurants are classified according to the following price scale, which represents the cost of a typical meal for one person exclusive of drinks, tax, and tip:
>
> Inexpensive ..... under $5
> Moderate ..... $5 to $10
> Expensive ..... $10 to $15
> Very expensive ..... over $15

From the restaurant listings of *Washingtonian* magazine:

> At a "very inexpensive" restaurant, dinner for two, including one round of drinks, a moderate bottle of wine, tax, and tip, should cost $25 or less; at an "inexpensive" one, $25 to $35; at a "moderate" one, $35 to $45; at an "expensive" one, $45 to $55; at a "very expensive" one, more than $55.

From a "Request for Quotations" (i.e., an invitation to bid on a contract to conduct a study) issued by the Procurement Branch of the Mental Health Study Center, a division of the National Institute of Mental Health, a division of the National Institutes of Health, in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare:

> The Mental Health Study Center is currently conducting a broad-base study of infants and high risk families and developing preventive intervention models aimed at optimizing the infant's

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socioemotional and cognitive development. Our clinical research experience with mothers and families thus far has raised the possibility that emotionally stable families experience varying degrees of anxiety and tension upon the birth of their new infant. As a result, there is a need to focus on this population in order to understand the processes at work and the develop intervention modalities that will serve a preventive function in helping stable families cope with these early stresses in the relationship with their new infants. The proposed study will serve such a function.

Fractured bolts and fractured confidence.

Is the DC-10 a Lemon?

There is an established ritual when an airliner crashes. Swiftly, some slight component is produced and annoited as the author of the disaster. The May 25 crash of a McDonnell Douglas DC-10 in Chicago evoked a classic response. According to the press, 200,000 kilograms of airplane and 273 people came to ruin because of the fracture of a bolt just "the size of a man's finger."

Two desires are satisfied by this ritual. Newspapers like drama along for-want-of-a-nail-the-kingdom-was-lost lines. And—assuming "human error" cannot be blamed—the aerospace industry prefers any account of an accident which avoids the idea that large, systematic deficiencies might exist in any of the costly machines it builds. But this time the ritual collapsed. The Federal Aviation Administration began with a mild request that all DC-10s be checked for the state of their engine-pylon flutter-bolts. These are indeed no bigger than a human finger—though rather easier to replace—and operators throughout the world, particularly Britain's Freddie Laker, whose transatlantic Skytrain depends on the DC-10, were eager to be shown complying. Then, four days after the crash, the FAA ordered all DC-10s grounded, pending complete examination of the pylon structures which hold their engines in place. Evidence of metal fatigue was so grave that the administrator had "no choice." Neil Callaghan of the FAA office in Chicago admitted that they were worried about something more than a bolt. "We are worried about the whole airplane," he said.

About time, some might say. When a Turkish Airlines DC-10 crashed outside Paris in 1974, killing 346 people, there was the same initial concentration on small bits of metal. There, it was an ill-designed lock which allowed a cargo door to blow off. But the Paris plane did not die because of a lost door, any more than the Chicago plane died because an engine fell off. In each case, catastrophic loss of control followed from the failure of a component that was not in itself essential. This is the crucial link between the two events, and the evidence for saying that the DC-10 has weaker defenses against disaster than the other "airbus" jets.

At Paris, loss of the cargo door depressurized the cargo hold at 12,000 feet. High-pressure air in the passenger cabin above then collapsed the floor between the two compartments. The hydraulic power lines and controls, running from cockpit to tail, are carried under the floor in a DC-10. They were severed, and the plane dived into the forest of Ermenonville.

At Chicago, a similar end followed from a different beginning. Pylon-mounted engines are slung below and ahead of a wing. The weight of the whole assembly, in the DC-10, is fixed to the wing by a tough group of vertical bolts called the "tombstone." When the engine is thrusting forward, it tries to "swing" upon the tombstone, and will pitch up over the wing unless restrained by other fastenings at the rear.

The pylon assembly, holding an enormously heavy engine out in front of the wing, is also apt to "flutter" from side to side as the engine pours out its 18,000 kilograms of thrust. These movements are restrained by horizontal bolts, or pins, at the point where the pylon joins the leading edge of the wing. One of them broke away from the left-hand engine pylon as American Airlines flight 191 passed the 8000-yard mark in its take-off run at O'Hare International Airport on May 25.

Flutter built up very quickly with the engine at take-off power, and within seconds the vertical bolts at the rear of the pylon snapped. The engine tore loose, pitched over the top of the wing, and fell away. The DC-10 was just lifting off the runway: the point at which the second pilot, watching the instruments, calls out "VR" to the captain. (VR is an abbreviation for "velocity for rotation": raising the nose for take-off is "rotation" in pilot's language.) On this occasion, the second pilot said: "VR—damn." After that, the cockpit voice recorder went blank.

Airline spokesmen have been swift to explain that loss of one engine need not prevent a three-engined plane from taking off safely—which is true. They have been less ready to explain why the DC-10 crashed nevertheless. But inquiries with crash investigators suggest that it happened because, as the engine reared up over the wing, it wrecked the power-lines and hydraulic control-lines carried just ahead of the wing's mainspar. Without hydraulic power, a modern jetliner cannot move any of its control surfaces. The crew must have been quite helpless as the DC-10 climbed for a few more crazy seconds, then rolled on its back and smashed into the earth.

Only detailed investigation will show whether loss of all control was inevitable. But already there are

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questions about the relative vulnerability of the DC-10. According to the FAA, inspection has shown evidence of serious metal fatigue not just in "finger-sized" flutter bolts, but elsewhere in the DC-10 pylon assembly. Metal fatigue is what one sees if one twists a paperclip backward and forward until it breaks: elaborate computer calculations are supposed to insure aircraft structures against it.

So far there has been no directive against the other main "jumbo jets"—the Boeing 747, and the Lockheed Tristar, which is the DC-10's direct, and so far unfavored rival in the marketplace. Both use pylon engines, but apparently without exhibiting dangerous metal fatigue. Both have the hydraulic lines and control lines, where they run along the wings, mounted aft of the heavy mainspar: safer, if it is assumed that impacts will more often come from the front. And both have four separate hydraulic systems, each capable of flying the aircraft, where the DC-10 carries only three.

These other planes, in short, have greater defense in depth against such an accident than appears to be the case with the DC-10. Neither is as likely to lose an engine through pylon failure: in each case, if it were to happen, the airplane would be more likely to remain controllable. Aircraft safety is largely about having defenses in depth. Comparison after Paris showed that both the Tristar and the 747 had deeper defenses against floor collapse (indeed, the 747's controls were almost immune to such an event), and the available evidence from Chicago reinforces the message.

Most aircraft accidents result from unhappy conjunctions of human error, bad weather and perhaps sloppy design of some particular instrument or control. That description applies reasonably to all the crashes so far of the Boeing 747 and the Lockheed Tristar. But twice now a DC-10 has fallen out of a clear blue sky because of catastrophic failure of the whole control system, which left the pilots helpless. And grace alone has averted at least two other disasters, which might have pushed the DC-10 toll past 800.

In June 1972, in an incident which clearly foreshadowed the Paris tragedy, an American Airlines DC-10 lost a rear cargo door over Windsor, Ontario. The cabin floor collapsed, severing most of the "plumbing." Only because the aircraft was rather lightly loaded, and because the captain displayed extraordinary skill, the aircraft got down without anyone being fatally injured.

And in November 1975, 139 people narrowly escaped when an engine of an overseas National DC-10 disintegrated during take-off at Kennedy Airport, New York. The pilot managed to stop the airplane before hitting the end of the runway—despite the fact that hydraulic failure robbed the plane of about half its braking power. The undercarriage collapsed, and the fuselage was enveloped in flames. But the passengers were all airline employees, practiced in evacuation procedures, and no one was seriously hurt.

After the Windsor close call an engineer named F. D. Applegate, who worked for a DC-10 sub-contractor, wrote his now famous memorandum predicting that the cargo door would blow open, that cabin floors would collapse and that "I would expect this to usually result in the loss of the airplane." At Paris, it did. After New York, the National Transportation Safety Board, which conducts the crash investigations, concluded that the DC-10 engine was "susceptible to catastrophic failures."

The DC-10 was born out of one of the most savage marketing conflicts in civil aviation history. In the 1960s, it became clear that big fan-jet engines would make possible a new generation of "wide-bodied" airbuses. Boeing established a commanding lead in the long-haul section of that market with the remarkable 747. Two ailing firms were left to struggle for the medium-haul business: Lockheed, which was trying to return to the civil market after years of over-dependence on defense, and Douglas, once the world's greatest builders of commercial aircraft, reduced to chaos and penury by the eccentricities of its founding family.

Douglas was taken over by the aggressive military aircraft builders McDonnell and, late in 1967, the new McDonnell Douglas Corporation announced that it was going to try to catch up on the lead of nearly one year that Lockheed had established in the race to get orders for a three-engined airbus. This was a contest of "paper aircraft," in which both sides made larger and larger promises: when Lockheed slashed their price by a million dollars a plane, McDonnell Douglas countered with a half-million cut and other attractions. Neither firm had decided which make of engine to favor for its theoretical airliner, so rival engine manufacturers entered the field with further promises to both airframe firms and airline companies. What nobody really expected—or wanted—was that both paper planes would actually be built. For both Lockheed and Douglas to make a profit would require 500 tri-jets to be sold.

At first the Lockheed Tristar seemed to have a decisive lead in orders. But then United, the largest airline in the western world, chose McDonnell Douglas's DC-10. Thus the paper-chase had been inconclusive: both aircraft would have to be built, with success likely to go to the plane that got into airline service before the other. Under McDonnell management, the motto at the old Douglas works became "fly before they roll"—that is, have the DC-10 flying before the Tristar could even be rolled out of its hangar. And not only did they wipe out Lockheed's initial lead, they produced the DC-10 nine months earlier. This remarkable speed was a major factor in the DC-10's superior market performance. There are now 274 DC-10s in service compared to 163 Tristars. McDonnell Douglas was on the verge of making a profit with the DC-10, while Lockheed has a long way to go.

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The promise of the new, big jets was that they might be safer than any aircraft seen before. It may be doubted whether McDonnell Douglas allowed time enough for all the technologies to mature that could make that promise true. McDonnell Douglas designed, with its sub-contractors, a highly inadequate system of cargo-door locks. Both the Tristar and the 747 could claim to have included new and substantial safety features to go with their massive increases in size and power. In the case of the DC-10, for all its commercial success, it is not easy to find substantial improvements on its smaller and simpler predecessors.

The world aviation industry would be brought close to ruin by taking the DC-10 out of service. So successful was its sales campaign that many airlines throughout the world, like Lufthansa and Swissair, could scarcely manage without it. Smaller firms, like Britain's Laker, might be financially demolished if the DC-10 could not fly. On average, there are 750 DC-10 flights every day, operated by 41 airlines around the world. If the plane were to be taken out of service, the industry would have to find a million extra seats a week. And the truth is that the airplane would have to be a great deal more lethal before the aerospace business could be made to face up to such a possibility.

Paul Eddy, Elaine Potter and Bruce Page

Paul Eddy and *Elaine Potter* are reporters for the London *Sunday Times*. *Bruce Page* is editor of the *New Statesman*. They are the authors of *Destination Disaster*, a book about the 1974 crash of a DC-10 near Paris.

Politics, San Francisco-style.

Gays in the Streets

San Francisco

I have three facts to relate: 1) On November 27, 1978, Dan White, former policeman, fireman and supervisor, shot and killed the mayor of San Francisco, George Moscone, and another member of the Board of Supervisors, Harvey Milk, the city's first avowedly homosexual elected official. White had been angered at Moscone's refusal, supported by Milk, to reappoint him to the board after he had resigned, two weeks earlier, in a moment of despair. 2) On May 21 a jury found White guilty of voluntary manslaughter. Most observers had anticipated a verdict of first- or second-degree murder. 3) That evening thousands of gay people in San Francisco rioted. Hundreds of windows were shattered, at least 12 squad cars were burned and dozens of police and protesters were injured.

The last development is for me by far the most interesting. The riot marks a significant moment in the evolution of political awareness among homosexuals. On the surface it lacks the characteristics that most Americans associate with politics. But its inspiration was profoundly political, and it can be distinguished from earlier violent incidents involving homosexuals precisely because of its political nature.

Of course San Francisco should not be confused with the rest of the country. In fact one must even distinguish among various parts of San Francisco itself. The city, so far as I know, is like no other in terms of the circumstances of its homosexual population. Most important is the sheer number of avowed homosexuals. Nobody knows exactly how many there are, but the figures usually cited range from 50,000 to 100,000—in a city with a total population of less than 750,000. In short, gays represent a significant constituency in San Francisco, which means that at election time politicians feel obliged to pay court to them, to develop special appeals, to create (if you're cynical) a distinctive set of fibs, since one cannot hope to win the gay vote with the usual generalized mendacity.

Gays are also a large and visible element in the city's economy. There are gay parts of town, places where many businesses are run by and cater to gays. One particular neighborhood known as the Castro, which provided most of the troops for the May 21 protest, is owned and populated largely by gays. It is sometimes called a gay ghetto—not in the sense of a "black ghetto" or the "Warsaw ghetto" (which implies poverty and enforced isolation), but more like a university town's "faculty ghetto": a homogeneous and somewhat exclusive population, with a certain uniformity of manners and opinion. Many people, including some gays, complain about this ghetto existence. But they fail, I think, to recognize the political advantages of such physical proximity, which might be compared to the proximity of workers in a 19th-century factory, a development that Marx considered a necessary prelude to the creation of proletarian class consciousness. The ability to think and act politically often depends on such humdrum material realities. In the Castro one can elicit a large and rapid response simply by persuading everybody who lives there to step outside his or her door, or to step outside one of the many gay bars in the neighborhood. This was demonstrated only a few weeks ago when police tried to stop someone from putting up a poster, leading to the sudden appearance of a mass of angry gays in the streets. The situation is comparable to that of blacks in Watts or Bedford-Stuyvesant.

So San Francisco is exceptional. It is exceptional, however, in the sense of being in the vanguard, not of being a mere fluke. Many sexual studies suggest that the gay population of the country is enormous: the

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figure one reads most often, based on the Kinsey reports (and arguably exaggerated), is 10 percent, which means over 20 million individuals. Thus good biological (or characterological) grounds exist for contending that San Francisco is unique only in being the sole city in the country, perhaps in the world, where the reality of human sexual orientation is objectively reflected. If this is indeed the case, what happens to the gay population of San Francisco is of more than local interest. It is a portent of what awaits the nation as a whole.

The May 21 riot was political in two senses: first, it explicitly addressed the issue of justice, which, if we follow Plato, is the most fundamental category of political analysis. The crowd at City Hall shouted repeatedly, "We want justice." Second, it required abstraction. The individuals who rioted, unlike those who protested police harassment at the Stonewall, a gay bar in New York City, 10 years ago, did not themselves face any immediate or tangible imposition. They had to think abstractly, indeed almost technically, to get from a verdict of voluntary manslaughter to their act of civil disobedience. Reasoning of this sort presumes that a significant group in the population has become aware not merely of its own existence, but also of its rights and power. The riot, I can't help feeling, marks a kind of political coming of age for homosexuals in San Francisco and, vicariously, throughout the country. If one is a liberal, one hopes that this political consciousness will eventually find less costly forms of expression (as it did, for instance, the following evening, when a crowd of 4000 peacefully celebrated Harvey Milk's birthday). But it would be unhistorical to bemoan the protesters' resort to violence or their insistence on seeing the case in terms of sexual prejudice, instead of simple injustice. Movements of social liberation just don't happen that way, much as we might wish they did. There is, then, cause for celebration in this collective emergence of gays from the political closet. I, at least, found it enormously moving.

The Dan White case is less interesting for what it reveals about the attitudes of heterosexuals. It merely confirms the existence of a prejudice that one already knew existed, whether one chooses to stress White himself, his jurors or the police who responded to the protesters with such remarkable vehemence. Still, in all humanity, one shouldn't forget the profound anxiety caused by the rise of militant homosexuality. Deeply felt prejudice is still prejudice, but the sources of homophobia are more inaccessible than the facile bigotry that serves to rationalize economic interest. Sexual identity is a painful and irrational matter. It touches a perennial aspect of every individual's experience. Psychologically speaking, it is easier to overcome racism—difficult though that may be—than to exterminate feelings about the wrongness of sexual acts between persons of the same sex. If our sexual lives were as manageable as our economic lives (that is, just barely), we might more reasonably call White, his jurors, or the San Francisco police "fascists." But at this stage in man's psychological evolution, such language is overblown.

One final matter: White's jurors should be allowed the possibility of error. From everything I've read, White seems to be a reactionary homophobe who acted with sufficient self-possession to justify a verdict of second-degree murder, at the least. But juries make mistakes, even when no ideological questions are involved. Jurors are amateurs trying to do a job that, because of its complexity, in reality requires professionals. They must cope with an arcane body of law, with large amounts of conflicting evidence and argument, and, finally, with their own emotions. Under the circumstances, the wonder is that justice is ever served. In this particular case, moreover, the prosecution was embarrassingly feeble, above all in its failure to address the political nature of the slayings.

We retain the jury system because it has compensating virtues, above all, I believe, the one identified by Alexis de Tocqueville: jury duty (or even the possibility of it) is an exercise in political responsibility, thus in democracy. We tolerate the system's sometimes awesome inefficiency because of its importance, in a more general way, to the well-being of our society.

Like last year's legislative struggle over gay rights, the Dan White affair has served, paradoxically, as a vehicle for homosexual liberation. One should merely avoid underestimating the intellectual and, above all, psychological difficulties that liberation poses for heterosexuals.

Paul Robinson

White House Watch

Going For Jimmy

Here we go for Jimmy. Not at him; *for* him. For a journalist who, as I'm regularly reminded at home, has had doubts about every President since George Washington, it's not an easy thing to do. When so wise and knowing a commentator as Meg Greenfield of *Newsweek* and the *Washington Post* writes a column headed "Poor Jimmy Carter" and ends a summary of the flaws in his presidency with the remark that in late May "the whole thing seemed about to go under," one may be sure that the President is in bad trouble. His people know that he is. He is said by his people to know that he is. The fashion is not only to assert that he is in trouble but to write off him and his chances of nomination and

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THE FASTEST GROWING CHURCH IN THE WORLD

by Brother Keith E. L'Hommedieu, D.D.

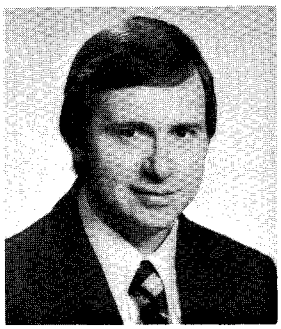
It's quite safe to say that of all the organized religious sects on the current scene, one church in particular stands above all in its unique approach to religion. The Universal Life Church is the only organized church in the world with no traditional religious doctrine. In the words of Kirby J. Hensley, founder, "The ULC only believes in what is right, and that all people have the right to determine what beliefs are right for them, as long as they do not interfere with the rights of others."

Reverend Hensley is the leader of the worldwide Universal Life Church with a membership now exceeding 7 million ordained ministers of all religious beliefs. Reverend Hensley started the church in his garage by ordaining ministers by mail. During the 1960's, he traveled all across the country appearing at college rallies held in his honor where he would perform mass ordinations of thousands of people at a time. These new ministers were then exempt from being inducted into the armed forces during the undeclared Vietnam war.

In 1966 Reverend Hensley was fighting the establishment on another front. The IRS tried to claim the ULC wasn't a legal church and proceeded to impound the ten thousand dollars in the church bank account. The feisty Hensley filed suit against the IRS in federal district court for return of the funds and to permanently establish the ULC as a legal tax exempt entity. On March 1, 1974 Judge James F. Battin ruled against the IRS in his decision which stated, "Neither this court or any branch of this government will consider the merits or fallacies of a religion. Nor will the court praise or condemn a religion. Were the court to do so, it would impinge upon the guarantees of the First Amendment." The judge then ordered the IRS to return the impounded money and to grant the Universal Life Church its tax exempt status.

Reverend Hensley has stated that he believes a church is people and not just a fancy building. He also believes in total freedom and equality for all people. The ULC will ordain anyone without regard to religious beliefs, race, nationality, sex or age.

The ULC's success formula is both effective and unquestionably legal. After a person has become an ordained minister, he or she can join with two other people and form their own Universal Life Church. These three people then make up the Board of Directors consisting of a Pastor, a Secretary and a Treasurer. The ULC will then grant the group the use of its legal church charter complete with both federal and state tax exempt numbers. The newly formed church may then open a bank account in the church's name. Any member of the church can legally donate up to 50% of his or her outside income to the church and take a corresponding tax deduction. The church in turn can pay the complete housing cost of its minister including rent or mortgage payment, insurance, taxes, furnishings and repairs. The church can also provide the minister with full use of an automobile as well as pay for travel and educational expenses. None of these expenses are reported as income to the IRS. Recently a whole town in Hardenburg, New York became Universal Life ministers and turned their homes into religious retreats and monasteries thereby relieving themselves of property taxes, at least until the state tries to figure out what to do.



Brother L'Hommedieu is Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Sacerdotal Order of the Universal Life and serves on the Board of Directors of the International Universal Life Church, Inc.

Churches enjoy certain other tax benefits over the common man on the street. For instance, a church can legally buy and sell real estate or stocks and bonds completely tax free. It can receive tax free income from bank deposits or mortgages. Many churches own large publishing, recording, or other related businesses like hospitals, clinics and schools without paying any income tax.

A church can sponsor any kind of fund raising event such as a concert, play or even bingo. Churches are also exempt from paying inheritance taxes. When the pastor of the church dies, the Board of Directors simply appoints a new pastor and the church goes on.

Reverend Hensley has stated that he personally doesn't believe in the tax exempt status of churches. However, if the government is going to give a free ride to Billy Graham and the Pope, then why not let everybody participate in these blessings. Furthermore, he backs his words up by offering to defend in court the tax exempt status of his congregations.

Since the church was founded in 1962, it has attracted members who are movie and TV personalities, businessmen, government officials, lawyers, and doctors as well as all types of regular working people. During the last 15 years the Universal Life church has blossomed into a full blown grass roots populace movement. Reverend Hensley is ordaining ten thousand new ministers a week and predicts that the church will have over 20,000,000 members by the early 1980's. In addition, requests for interviews and TV appearances continue to pour in.

Anyone who is a member of the ULC will tell you that the ULC is destined to change the world. By unifying mankind into a brotherhood of freedom orientated individuals, each respecting the other's right to live life as they see fit, the Universal Life Church hopes to put an end to all wars. Reverend Hensley admits that this is a pretty monumental task to accomplish, but he also points out that he is already well on the way to reaching his goal.

Rev. Hensley invites all those interested in becoming an ordained minister and receiving complete information and Minister's Credentials, to send a $10[00] tax deductible donation to the Universal Life Church, 1335 Seabright Ave., Dept. 142, Santa Cruz, CA 95060

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reelection in 1980. I don't write him off, for the following reasons.

Suppose that Carter were assassinated in the near future, as he could be. What would be said of him? Remember what was being said of John Kennedy in the year before November 22, 1963, when he was assassinated in Dallas. Even with the help of that master politician and "man of Congress," Vice President Lyndon Johnson, Kennedy couldn't command his own Democratic majority in Congress and get his major legislation enacted. Johnson, when he succeeded Kennedy, set himself to do just that and did it, partly because of his skill in playing upon the guilty sense that Congress and its Democrats had let the slain President down. President Mondale in the circumstance posited here would do the same thing and do it successfully. An equivalent of the Vietnam war—failure in the Mideast, a total energy or inflation debacle—might do Carter's heir in as Johnson was done in. But it wouldn't be Carter's record that did in the successor. It would be said of Jimmy Carter that he was a good man at the head of a country that admires goodness in principle if not always in practice; that, as he continually said, he as President accomplished more in diplomacy, in increased spending for worthy domestic social purposes, and in promoting government efficiency than he was credited in his time with accomplishing. Assuming that he's still around, as of course I assume, all that and more of the same will be said of him in 1980. It will be better heard and more generally believed than it is heard and believed now. Beyond all else—and here I echo the argument that Carter's people put most often and reflect the assumption that they most strongly rely upon—who in the circumstances that prevailed in 1977-80 could have done any better? Should anybody have done much differently? When the Democrats at their 1980 convention and the electorate in November 1980 weigh Carter against opponents, Teddy Kennedy included if so it be, all the conversational and political masturbation will be finished. It will be Jimmy against the other one, and as of now I agree with Jimmy's people that the choice will be Jimmy. Given the likely alternatives—Teddy Kennedy and Jerry Brown among the Democrats; John Connally, Ronald Reagan, Howard Baker among the Republicans—I hope so.

Now let's hear a White House assistant who was in government in Washington years before Carter was heard of there. The assistant knows much about the workings of executive and congressional Washington that the President had to learn and is still learning. He is loyal and committed to Carter, now and for 1980. He ranks well up in the policy process, low enough to be unknown to the public, and he conveys as well as anyone on the White House staff the prevalent mood around the President. Throughout the passage that follows, until its end is indicated, this assistant is paraphrased.

Nobody around here (the assistant begins) really comprehends the public mood. Nobody does—*nobody*. Even John Connally, one of the few politicians who is doing well, has a good speech only for wealthy, traditional, conservative Republicans. Just look at the other politicians and the speeches they have. (My friend must have been looking at *his* politician, but he didn't say so.) Nobody has a good speech and when you don't have a good speech down in this town you don't have anything going for you. After the House of Representatives defeated the President's standby gas rationing bill, Mondale said that there is a gasoline rationing plan that Congress will accept. It's a plan that supplies every state, every locality, every congressional district with all the gasoline that they had last year, plus growth in demand since then. You talk about energy, inflation, these decisions on allocation of resources that you have to make between different areas, and there is no consensus because everybody is against going for a final solution. The Senate insists that we come up with a gasoline rationing plan that it knows won't pass the House, the House is against any rationing plan that will pass the Senate, and that is exactly what happened before the President's plan was defeated in the House.

The media (the assistant continues) simply have not reported that story as it really happened. You have let the Senate get by with murder. We sent up a plan we'd been told the House would accept, with allocation based on numbers of vehicles in use. The Senate wanted rationing based on past allocations to whole states. We tried to compromise and a Senate committee rejected the compromise. We seriously considered calling it quits then but the House leadership said no, give the Senate bill a try. We did and we lost as senators who knew anything about the subject and the House leadership had to know we would. The Senate was every bit as, if not more, responsible for killing that bill than the House was (something, I thought to myself, you'd never have known from Carter when he called reporters into the Oval Office the day after the defeat and coldly denounced the House majority, including nearly half the House Democrats, for "irresponsibility"). The differences, the compromise between the House and Senate approaches that we proposed and the Senate committee rejected, could have been worked out in a Senate-House conference committee. But the whole thing was fixed so that there was no conference.

It's not just the Senate (my friend continues). The free ride that the press has given Congress is amazing. Even if we've done everything wrong, and I admit that we've done a lot of things wrong, there is still a constitutional line. Congress is supposed to be able to legislate, and in the past Democratic Congresses have shown an ability to legislate even with a Republican President down here. We in the Executive are supposed to make recommendations on these issues, and we do, and where we have administrative discretion we act, for better or for worse. But we have paralysis in Con-

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gress. Dick Bolling (Missouri), he's been there for 30 years, has said that this is the most chicken-shit Congress he has ever seen. Now that's a fact and it's not being covered. The Democratic caucus—*the Democratic caucus*, for Christ's sake—votes to reject the President's proposal to decontrol domestic oil prices, and everybody in that room has to know that no proposal involving continued controls on domestic oil prices has a snowball's chance of enactment. All you read about that is that the Democrats reject their President again. Where are the articles analyzing the effects of continued control that you'd see if the President had proposed that? (He did, before he was elected, I didn't care to interrupt my friend by recalling). It's not that the story that is written is not legitimate. But where is the rest of the story, about the contribution that this caucus decision makes to easy politics? These guys can all go home and say, well, we rebuffed the President! He stood for a nasty solution to this problem and we opposed him. So everybody is popular. But where does that leave all of us? With no solution, that's where, if you don't hold Congress accountable and ask, what's its solution?

Here ends the paraphrase of my friend's discourse. Coming from him, it was easier to take and somehow more convincing than Press Secretary Jody Powell's frequent disquisitions to the same effect, usually with the suggestion that everybody but Jimmy was wrong.

The quoted assistant, the President and his spokesmen dwelt upon the big proposals and the big defeats. This report concludes with a few of the niggling problems and slights that afflict the Carter presidency in this pre-election year.

The President's chief counsel, Robert Lipshutz, is about to release Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter's 1978 tax returns, a statement of their net worth, and an annoucement that the terms of the trust set up for Carter after he was elected in 1976 have been revised in conformity with the Ethics in Government Act of 1978. Charles Kirbo, the President's Atlanta lawyer and unofficial counselor, remains his trustee but is no longer in charge of a "blind trust." Carter, Lipshutz, Kirbo and others who were consulted decided that Kirbo was too close to Carter to qualify as the "independent" trustee required by the new law for blind trusts. So the Carter trust becomes a "management trust," with Kirbo in charge and required to release any financial information that federal law places in the public domain. Journalistic hounds who are dedicated to proving that Carter and Kirbo are associated in one sort or another of crookery will try to make something of the change. I'm convinced that there was nothing wrong with the original trust and there is nothing wrong with or indicated by the revision of the trust.

And there is the White House budget. Cuts by House and Senate committees and by Congress in White House budget requests are not unknown. But they are rare. An attitude called "comity" traditionally prevails. Cuts are especially rare and "comity" is especially respected in the House Appropriations Subcommittee headed for years by Representative Tom Steed of Oklahoma. The Steed subcommittee recently cut the appropriation for the White House Office, the President's immediate establishment, from the requested $18,210,000 to $17,500,000, which is $330,000 more than the present (fiscal 1979) appropriation; the associated Office of Administration from $11,900,000 to $11 million; the Office of Management and Budget request by a mere $400,000; and the Council on Wage and Price Stability, Alfred Kahn's beleaguered anti-inflation instrument, from $8,483,000 to $7,500,000. The subcommittee in a related action cut COWPS's request for a supplemental addition to its current appropriation from $5,199,000 to $3,199,000. The subcommittee wanted COWPS to hold its staff to 200 instead of the requested 233 people and to make other federal agencies pay $2,000,000 of the salaries of government employees detailed to COWPS. White House lobbyists profess to be reasonably sure the COWPS cuts will be restored. Kahn expressed "deep concern" to a Senate appropriations subcommittee on May 24 and said the full amounts and staff requested are "critically important" to his anti-inflation effort. What worries COWPS officials more than the money cuts is the insistence of Congress that the anti-inflation program be authorized for only one year instead of the requested two years beyond next September 31. The shortened period makes it almost impossible to hire qualified accountants, economists, lawyers and the like outside government and difficult to recruit them within government.

Our two former Presidents, Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford, are also having federal money problems. The Steed subcommittee approved $324,000 for Nixon and $409,000 for Ford in fiscal 1980. Each of them requested a little less than these amounts and a little less than they are getting in fiscal 1979. But there's a rub that has nothing to do with the totals. The basic law governing federal support of former Presidents limits each of them to $96,000 per year for salaried staff. A 1977 amendment raised the staff limit to $150,000 a year during the first 30 months after a President leaves office. The amendment was designed to exclude Nixon and benefit Ford. It infuriated Nixon. He asked the Steed subcommittee to let him spend $150,000 of his fiscal 1980 allowance on staff. The subcommittee decided that it could not legally do so. Ford is asking Congress to extend his permission to spend $150,000 of his allowance on staff to September 30, 1981. So far as is known, there is no connection between the request and the possibility that he may be running for President in 1980.

John Osborne

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The lost pacifism of American Quakers.

Shot From Guns

by Stephen Chapman

From the founding of their religion, Quakers have stood against all war and violence. "The Spirit of Christ, which leads us into all Truth, will never move us to fight and war against any man with outward weapons, neither for the Kingdom of Christ, nor for the kingdoms of this world," said the first community of Friends in a document presented to King Charles II in 1660. It was called *A Declaration from the harmless and innocent People of God called Quakers, against all plotters and fighters in the world.* An unyielding pacifism is not the only distinctive feature of the Quaker belief, but it is the one that most clearly distinguishes them from most of their fellow Christians, and the one that has been the greatest source of friction between Quakers and their countrymen and governments. The man generally regarded as the father of the sect, George Fox, once spurned an opportunity to be released from prison if he would serve as a captain in the army of Oliver Cromwell. "I told them I knew from whence all wars arose," he wrote in his diary, "and that I lived in virtue of that life and power which took away the occasion of all wars."

Their uncompromising position frequently made them suspect to both sides of violent disputes. Even after many Friends migrated to the New World to escape the persecution of the Crown, the Friends found themselves in frequent conflict with government authority, most often over the issue of bearing arms. When Quakers were called to serve in the local militia, many refused. Some, in the practice of the day, bought their way out; some, betraying the spirit of what is now called the "peace testimony," served as soldiers, causing much consternation among fellow Friends. The Revolution put American Friends in a particularly uncomfortable position, but most of them opposed any violent rebellion against the Crown. After the war George Washington asked a prominent Quaker "on what principles" he had opposed the Revolution. "Upon the same principles that I should be opposed to a change in this government," he replied. "All that was ever gained by revolutions, are not an adequate compensation to the poor mangled soldier, for the loss of life and limb." During the 19th century the Friends became increasingly involved in reformist political causes, particularly working to abolish slavery. But their fervor for emancipation did not weaken their commitment to nonviolence. Some Quakers served willingly in the Union forces during the Civil War, but the Society of Friends repudiated the war, even as a way of eradicating the stain of slavery. The unprecedented destruction wrought by the "total war" that emerged in the 20th century strengthened the Quaker rejection of violence, even in the face of terrible alternatives. Friends were critical of the Nazi and Fascist regimes that arose in Europe during the interwar years and they organized efforts to help Jewish refugees from Germany. But most of them opposed violent resistance to such governments. "A realistic view of the facts," one Quaker wrote in 1938, "reveals the utter madness of another war to save Czechoslovakia, democracy, civilization or anything else worth saving."

In the years since World War II, Quaker views of war, rebellion and international relations have undergone a profound transformation. The principal Quaker political organization in the United States is the American Friends Service Committee, a Philadelphia-based group which has offices all over the world and, in the words of a brochure, "is chartered to carry on religious, charitable, social, philanthropic and relief work on behalf of the several branches and divisions of the Religious Society of Friends." The AFSC is not a political organization in the strict sense of the term, since it does no lobbying. (An affiliated group, the Friends Committee on National Legislation, works closely with the AFSC in formulating its own legislative programs.) Most of its work involves helping poor people in various parts of the world; AFSC provides relief to earthquake victims and job training to unskilled workers, among other good works. Some of AFSC's work, however, more closely resembles political organizing. The organization devotes much of its attention to educating Americans about international controversies and to building "informed public resistance to war and militarism and advocate nonviolent action for change."

Among AFSC's fundamental tenets, says a brochure, is "a denial that violence can ever be right." But even though the AFSC (many of whose staff members are not Friends) still maintains a formal adherence to the traditional Quaker emphasis on nonviolence, in practice many of its activities and publications suggest that pacifism has been subordinated to the view—common to ideological groups across the political spectrum—that some principles are worth fighting for.

Apparently the 1960s were a turning point for Quakers and the AFSC. The Quakers' opposition to the US role in the Vietnam war drew them into an alliance with a variety of left-of-center groups, including many radical ones, which did not share the Quakers' general opposition to violence. Marvin Maurer, a political

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science professor at Monmouth College in New Jersey, says that as the antiwar movement grew and fragmented, the AFSC "went beyond the traditional conscientious objection to outright support of Hanoi." In recent years the AFSC has shown an increasing disillusionment with the capitalist democracies of the West and a preference for Marxist governments and political movements, particularly in the third world. In this shift it has allied itself with any number of explicitly violent movements, making only the mildest demurrals about the means such movements employ.

There are several paradoxes about this development. First and most surprising is the affinity of this traditionally pacifist organization for violent allies. In the conflicts in southern Africa, for example, the AFSC unreservedly takes the side of the "liberation movements." One Friends' brochure, entitled *Southern Africa Must Be Free*, juxtaposes two quotes from Zambian president Kenneth Kaunda. In the first, a 1960 statement, Kaunda stresses that the transition to black rule "be achieved through a nonviolent struggle. I therefore, ask you all to be calm, patient and nonviolent. . . ." In the other, made 17 years later, Kaunda says, "Blacks finally have now no choice but to answer fire for fire, bullet for bullet and blood for blood, for that is the method the racists prefer. It is a road to white exodus and they will have it." Does the AFSC proceed to urge Kaunda and his allies to reconsider the nonviolence they have repudiated? No. Instead, it says that a "man like Kenneth Kaunda . . . known for many years as a dedicated disciple of Gandhi, is not easily persuaded to abandon his deeply-held belief in the validity and effectiveness of nonviolence. What agonizing struggles of conscience, we ask, has this good and gentle man known?" Most of the brochure is devoted to explaining the defects of the governments of Rhodesia, Namibia and South Africa, which the AFSC says are guilty of "massive violations of human dignity, continuing large-scale oppression, denial of basic human rights, indiscriminate punishment and murder, and economic exploitation." Much of this is true. Yet what is most striking about the AFSC's argument is that nowhere does it suggest that the "liberation movements" should forsake—or even consider forsaking—their open practice of terrorism against civilians, let alone abandoning armed rebellion. Its only gesture toward traditional Quaker pacifism is a reminder that "for a great many years the blacks of South Africa undertook a heroic nonviolent effort to achieve freedom and racial equality." Since the 1960 Sharpeville massacre, however, "violence has been coupled with nonviolence in the resistance and liberation struggle," a change that the AFSC scrupulously avoids criticizing or even appearing to regret. The Quaker brochure does not object to the means employed by the Patriotic Front guerrillas in Rhodesia, which include the killing of missionaries, terror against white civilians and shooting down civilian airliners.

This refusal to disavow the violence employed by rebels in southern Africa has drawn criticism even from leftist Friends. Daniel Seeger, an official of the regional AFSC office in New York, recently argued in an article in *Friends Journal* that American Friends have frequently neglected opportunities to work with indigenous pacifists abroad, while actively supporting violent revolutionary elements.

The Quaker movement's newfound sympathy for violent liberation movements has led to efforts on behalf of the Palestine Liberation Organization. AFSC's official position on the Middle East is one of neutrality, insisting only that "there should be direct negotiations among all parties, including the Palestinians, and the Palestinians should include the PLO." A 1977 statement said, "The PLO should remove from the Palestine National Covenant any commitment to the dismemberment of Israel. We have had numerous assurances from the PLO representatives that that section is no longer operative." But believing these assurances requires credible answers to two questions: why is that section still part of the Covenant if it is no longer "operative"? And why has the PLO continued to insist publicly that it will never accept a Jewish state on so-called Palestinian soil? One might expect an avowedly pacifist organization like the AFSC to exhibit more skepticism about the real intentions of an organization which regularly commits—and brags about committing—terrorist atrocities, and which allied itself closely with Idi Amin, even to the point of sending troops to defend Amin against the Tanzanians and Ugandan rebels who invaded his country in March. The *Washington Post* reported last week that the PLO also "appeared to be deeply involved in training the dreaded [Ugandan] State Research Bureau murder squads. It trained and organized bodyguards for Amin and provided advisers who participated directly in the arrest, torture and even the murder of prisoners." At an April conference in Washington entitled "The Search for Peace in the Middle East," the AFSC managed to present a facade of balance, but the tone of the conference was strongly sympathetic to the PLO (one evening featured a special reading of revolutionary poems by a Palestinian poet) and the workshops focused on ways of persuading the US to pressure Israel to make concessions to the Palestinians.

The support of the AFSC for movements which have no use for its tradition of nonviolence is only part of a larger pattern of selective moralism. AFSC stresses its support for human rights, but it sees violations of human rights only in countries with right-wing governments. In its *Action Guide on Southern Africa*, the AFSC says, "We see the present governments of Rhodesia, Namibia and South Africa as defenders of minority rule and white privilege, resorting to police brutality and imprisonment of their opposition, and

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ready to use armed violence to maintain the status quo. Such policies are an abomination by any moral or democratic standard." True enough. The AFSC also is at pains to note human rights violations in other right-wing countries, particularly those that are allied one way or another with the US. A brochure entitled *The Quest for Human Rights: Economic, Political, Civil, Social* mentions only 11 countries guilty of abridging human rights: Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Ethiopia, Indonesia, Iran (under the shah), Nicaragua, the Philippines, South Korea, Thailand, and Uruguay. In nearly a dozen interviews with AFSC staff people, I never heard any of them say anything critical of any government that might be regarded as left-wing. The closest the AFSC comes to criticizing the conduct of any communist government in the human rights brochure is a statement that "Public and political attention in the United States is most often given to human rights violations in socialist countries. We join in opposition to violations in those countries, as in others."

When the AFSC deals directly with conditions in communist countries, it averts its eyes from the sort of shortcomings it cites elsewhere. The AFSC was an early and farsighted opponent of American involvement in Vietnam. But it has so far refused to acknowledge the character of the present Vietnamese government. Most of what the Friends say about Vietnam sounds like government-produced propaganda. One report called *Vietnam Two Years Later*, written by AFSC official Carol Bragg after a 1977 trip, speaks glowingly of the accomplishments of the Vietnamese government since the "day of liberation" that concluded the "struggle for national independence." "Everywhere we travelled we saw signs of a nation rebuilding—whether in the councils of government, where plans were being made to heal the wounds of war and build a new society based on justice and equality, or whether in the villages and fields, where ordinary citizens were building new homes and schools and gradually reclaiming the land," wrote Bragg. "All of these reconstruction projects are being carried out in a spirit of determination, confidence, and pride which is truly infectious." She has special praise for family life under the new government:

> *Housework is shared by all. The woman might bathe the children, while her husband cooks or does the marketing. The children also assist with the chores. Formerly, only the daughters helped with the housework. Now boys and girls divide such tasks equally. Previously, the woman had to stay up late and, even then, might not finish the housework. Now, with the whole family participating, the work is finished early, and the entire family can listen to music, watch television, or read.*

The closest Bragg comes to criticizing the Vietnamese government is her admission that "complete equality for women is still a thing of the future." She hastens to add, "But it seems only a matter of time before it becomes a reality, since both men and women regard the liberation of women as essential to the establishment of the socialist society they envision."

Bragg might be excused for mere naiveté in her flattering account of the new Vietnam, were it not for the abundance of evidence casting a less favorable light on it. It's hard to understand why thousands of families a month are willing to give up all their possessions and risk drowning at sea to escape this familial paradise. In February 1977, about the time Bragg was in Vietnam, the government publicly admitted that 50,000 Vietnamese were still in detention camps being "re-educated." In its 1978 report, Amnesty International suggested that the number might be as high as 200,000. Other longtime critics of the US role in the war have been less enamored of the new society in Vietnam. Last week a group called the Humanitas/International Human Rights Committee placed a full-page ad in the *Washington Post* protesting the Vietnamese government's human rights violations. The signatories included several former antiwar activists, including Joan Baez, Daniel Berrigan, Staughton Lynd and I. F. Stone. The ad cited several especially brutal practices:

> *The jails are overflowing with thousands upon thousands of 'detainees.' . . . People are shipped to re-education centers, fed a starvation diet, forced to squat bound wrist to ankle. . . . People are used as human mine detectors, clearing live mine fields with their hands and feet. For many life is hell and death is prayed for.*

But so far the AFSC has stood by its favorable portrayal of the new Vietnam.

A regular AFSC publication called *Letters from Mozambique* paints a picture of Mozambican society that is as pretty as Bragg's vision of the new Vietnam. One issue of the newsletter, written by AFSC staffer David Sogge, admits that poverty is a problem but blames it all on the Portuguese colonists and Mozambique's white neighbors. "But Mozambicans," he assures us, "after 300 years of colonial servitude, are building out of such conditions in concerted ways." Sogge mentions some pragmatic advances, but also points to the spiritual advantages of living in a free society. "Very hard to discern during such brief visits are the fundamentals of life in Inhamudima [a section of Beira, a Mozambican city]: the residents' change of outlook about themselves and their culture, and their altered sense of having some voice, some effect on the life of their community." Sogge apparently neglected to solicit the opinions of any of the political prisoners currently being held in Mozambique's jails. Amnesty International says that these prisoners include not only political opponents but also members of various religious groups, particularly the Jehovah's Witnesses. "Those held at re-education camps are reportedly made to do heavy manual labor but are poorly fed and subject to random brutality by camp guards."

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The one-party dictatorship that runs Mozambique plainly is guilty of precisely those practices cited by the AFSC in its indictment of Rhodesia, Namibia and South Africa: "police brutality, and imprisonment of opposition, and [willingness] to use armed violence to maintain the status quo." In these latter countries, the AFSC calls them, rightly, "an abomination." But in Mozambique it ignores similar "abominations" and praises the government that commits them.

The AFSC's views of North Korea and South Korea present an especially revealing contrast. Several AFSC brochures criticize the South Korean regime for its political repression, its efforts to prevent the growth of labor unions and its economic system. But the AFSC gives the North the benefit of every possible doubt. One issue of *Korea Report,* a monthly newsletter, says:

> *North Korea has done a good job at meeting people's basic economic human rights of adequate income, housing, medical care and education. Political and civil human rights are harder for us to assess since the political and legal systems, in fact the whole structure, are very different from our own. We don't know the processes by which decisions are made at different political levels and how dissenting views are expressed. We don't know if there are currently political prisoners.*

Here again the AFSC might be a bit more skeptical, since the reason so little is known about such matters is that the North Korean government allows no free elections, permits no press dissent, and tightly restricts visits by foreigners. No one really doubts that North Korea is thoroughly totalitarian, and if the AFSC prefers to ignore the available evidence then it is guilty not of excessive generosity but of willful ignorance.

All this suggests several things about the AFSC and its involvement in foreign policy issues. First is that there is nothing distinctively Quaker or even Christian about its views. The only means it has for appraising governments is a vague standard of "human rights." One can read through reams of AFSC documents and talk for hours to AFSC staff people without ever hearing even a passing reference to the gospel or to God. Even those words of Jesus the Quakers traditionally have interpreted as requiring pacifism—those that urge his disciples to "resist not evil" and to turn the other cheek—never find their way into AFSC discussions. In fact one gets no impression of any religious sentiment at all. Maybe this reflects nothing more than the traditional Quaker distaste for evangelizing. But it is one thing to refrain from trying to convert nonbelievers and another to purge every religious reference from one's comments on matters involving crucial moral issues. The Quakers of earlier times founded their political views on their distinctive interpretation of Jesus Christ's message. But those connected with the AFSC appear to have kept the husk of the corn and thrown away the ear: religious values, to the extent that they intrude at all upon political matters, are clearly secondary.

By draining the religious content out of its politics and elevating the claims of social and political ideals above the imperatives of individual morality, the AFSC has badly undermined the moral case to be made for pacifism. The early Quakers also wanted justice in earthly society, of course, but they refused to advance it through means they thought immoral. No end justified the use of violence, or even the condoning of violence. The injunction to "resist not evil" served as a reminder that suffering and injustice, however painful, were to be preferred over committing violence against one's fellow man. But the AFSC no longer places primary emphasis (or any emphasis at all) on nonviolence. Instead it concentrates on what it sees as injustice, and declines to condemn or criticize those who try to correct such injustice through violence. The attitude toward the guerrillas in southern Africa, which implicitly excuses the violence on the ground that it came only in retaliation for years of savage oppression, is characteristic.

But by the logic of pacifism there is no provocation that justifies a violent response. This is not a widespread view on either the left or the right. Most people think that in both personal and political affairs, violence is justified in self-defense—that is, in response to violence. Almost as many probably believe that even nonviolent oppression can be severe enough to justify a violent response in some circumstances. The traditional Quaker position, however, holds that violence can *never* be excused, no matter what the provocation. The AFSC's position undoubtedly is more realistic than the traditional Quaker view, but maybe it is too realistic. The Quakers seem to have become more worldly in their tolerance of the resort to violence than many others who never endorsed the pacifist ideal.

But the AFSC's errors don't end there. Even without its traditional pacifist emphasis, the AFSC might serve a useful role as an advocate of human rights for all people. In fact that appears to be the role in which the AFSC sees itself. But its double standard for human rights has made the AFSC practically indistinguishable from any number of leftist groups that propagandize against right-wing governments and for left-wing ones. If the AFSC is obliged to expose the barbarities of

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life under the rule of Park Chung-hee, then moral consistency requires that it also point out those that exist under Kim Il-sung. If it is going to raise moral objections to the imprisonment of political opponents or to suppression of dissent or to police brutality by governments in Chile or South Africa, it should also object when similar violations of human rights occur in Vietnam or Mozambique. When overtly left-wing or right-wing groups engage in the sort of selective moralizing practiced by the AFSC, it is no surprise. These groups generally regard the human rights violations in countries with ideologies they approve of as the price of achieving their vision of a good society. But an organization like AFSC, which admits to being "utopian," can't fall back on such a pragmatic defense. The danger, particularly in light of the AFSC's de-emphasis of its religious foundation and its pacifism, is that Quakers will lose both their distinctive character and their unique moral authority. Those have been won over centuries at the price of much pain and persecution, and they often have served to lead their fellow men to deeper understandings of right and wrong. For the Quakers to lose them would be a loss to us all.

Total health care reform is more likely to control inflation than a more cautious approach.

Kennedy's Conservative Health Plan

by Paul Starr

The press gave prominent coverage to Senator Edward Kennedy's announcement of his new national health insurance plan on May 14, but the substance of Kennedy's plan was almost lost in speculation about whether he will run against Carter in 1980. The plan actually represents an historic turning point in the position of the unions and other liberal organizations that have until now supported a health insurance program run by the government. The new Kennedy proposal, endorsed by the AFL-CIO and 60 other groups, not only would retain but would expand the private health insurance industry. Moreover, through basic reforms in the financing of medical services, it would introduce a variety of market-oriented incentives intended to make the health system less inflationary. In this sense the plan is more conservative than some more cautious proposals, such as President Carter's hospital cost containment bill, now before Congress for the second time.

There is an historical lag in perception about the goals of national health care. For decades, liberals have proposed government insurance plans as a way of extending health coverage to poor people and expanding access for all to the best health services. The public and the press continue to look at the proposals entirely in those terms and ask, naturally enough, how much the additional benefits will cost and whether America can now afford a program of this kind.

But plans for national health insurance, while still aspiring to universal coverage, increasingly emphasize reorganization of the health care industry, and, in particular, the need to bring costs under control.

Nine out of 10 Americans already have some form of medical insurance, either from the government or through their employers or privately purchased. The remaining tenth is composed mostly of poor people in states (mostly southern) with limited Medicaid programs, workers in part-time, irregular or minimum-wage jobs, unemployed workers whose policies were terminated when they were laid off, and high-risk individuals unable to get insurance. To cover these groups, amounting to more than 20 million people, and to improve the coverage for others whose insurance is limited will cost money. But cost can be offset by changes in the economic structure of the health system. For years now research and analysis in the field of health services have emphasized the ways our present system encourages waste; excess hospitalization, unnecessary surgery, overproduction of certain types of specialists, duplication of expensive technology, overprescription of drugs and unnecessarily high drug costs to consumers. The potential for

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savings from a more efficient system are considerable. We know this from the experience of health maintenance organizations (HMOs) such as the Kaiser plan in California and the Group Health Cooperative in Seattle, which provide high quality medical care at 20 to 30 percent lower cost than regular insurance. Moreover, other advanced industrial societies are able to provide medical care to *all* their people for a smaller portion of their national incomes than we spend for a system that neglects many Americans. So the real question should not be whether we can afford national health insurance. It ought to be whether we have the political will to reshape our medical system so it provides general health care protection without increasing the share of resources we allocate to it.

The main reason for our high medical costs is our method of financing. By paying for medical services through "third parties" (insurers or government agencies), we remove any incentive from either providers or patients to weigh costs carefully against benefits. By paying providers on a "fee-for-service" basis, we then give them an incentive to maximize the amount of services rather than find the most efficient and appropriate form of treatment. And, finally, by insurance systems that ordinarily reimburse hospitals on the basis of their costs and doctors on the basis of their usual and customary fees, we give them incentives to have the highest costs and fees possible. The system has almost no cost restraints. It's no surprise that medical costs have been rising at about twice the speed of the consumer price index, or that health care's share of the gross national product, only 5.2 percent in 1960, is now about nine percent.

The proponents of national health insurance believe that a new financing system which changed some of the incentives and limited the growth of medical services would, within several years, cost society less for medical care than if no plan were enacted. And the important figure for evaluating any national health care plan is not how much it costs, or how much it adds to the federal budget, but how much it will add to or subtract from the total amount society spends on medical care. A billion dollars added to the federal budget will not be inflationary if it replaces more than a billion that would otherwise be spent in the private sector.

Whether the Kennedy plan would reduce total health care costs is hard to say. Because of political concessions to doctors and insurers, the plan would not, at least immediately, realize most of the economies potentially available. A cost estimate released with the Kennedy proposal put the bill for services covered by the plan at $211.4 billion in fiscal 1983, compared with a projected cost of $171.4 billion without national health insurance. This would mean a cost increase of about $40 billion if the plan is enacted. About $30 billion of this would come from the federal budget. Kennedy's actuary estimates a "cross-over point" four years later when the Kennedy plan would start costing less each year than continuing with our present system. The apparent basis for this claim is a provision of the plan that permits health expenditures to rise only at the rate of growth in GNP. But an interdict of this kind can only work if the plan produces genuine economies. It is one thing to set a fixed ceiling on costs; it's another to make sure that such a budgetary constraint results in improved efficiency rather than reductions in the quality of service.

Before Kennedy produced his latest plan, the unions and other liberal organizations had favored a comprehensive insurance program operated by the federal government. This was the so-called Kennedy-Corman bill. Kennedy-Corman would have effectively socialized the insurance industry. It would not have created a national health service like the one in Great Britain, since the doctors and hospitals would have remained private. But it would have put almost all health insurance expenditures on the national budget, and estimates of its cost ranged over $100 billion. Few people seemed to understand that citizens already were spending almost this much money on insurance premiums to private companies. By setting a ceiling on expenditures and forcing providers to live within fixed budgets, the program would have imposed stiffer controls on total health costs than now exist. The Congressional Budget Office predicted that in the long run the American people would have paid less for health care under Kennedy-Corman than under the present system. But such estimates were politically beside the point. How many people could be convinced that a proposal to add over $100 billion to the federal budget would save them money? The distinction between budgetary and social costs was difficult to communicate. Furthermore, the failure of other social programs to stay within their projected expense inevitably raised doubts about any program relying primarily on federal supervision to control costs.

In the service of political pragmatism, the union-supported Committee for National Health Insurance, which had organized support for Kennedy-Corman, convened a group of specialists about a year ago to design a new plan under two major constraints. One was that they would have to live with the private insurance industry; the other was that they would have to add as little as possible to the federal budget. Their task was to create a system of private health insurance that, unlike the present system, would be progressively financed, universal in coverage and capable of controlling costs. Another goal was to avoid creating a dual-class system in which the middle class carried private insurance while the government operated a separate and stigmatized program for the poor. Finally, they did not want to throw people out of work inadvertently. Requiring employers to pay for health insurance runs the risk of increasing unemployment by

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raising labor costs, particularly for small businesses that now do not offer health plans to their employees.

The new Kennedy proposal deals admirably with these problems. It also corrects some real inadequacies in the earlier plan. Kennedy-Corman had relied on a "top-down," regulatory approach to cost-control. Yet by moving all financing to the national level, it had reduced even further the incentive for individuals to choose more efficient health care service. It also had given state and local planning boards an incentive to favor the construction of unnecessary facilities, which would bring more federal dollars into their regions. All the forces restraining costs would have emanated from the national government; the allocation of resources would have been entirely political. To believe such a system could control costs would require a confidence in the political process—and in particular, its immunity from influence by doctors and hospitals—that few can muster.

The new Kennedy plan retains the national ceiling on health expenditures and the system of top-down regulation, but it also includes some "bottom-up" competitive features. It attempts to reward individuals who choose efficient health plans, employers who encourage their workers to make such choices, insurance companies that perform their functions more efficiently, and states that are tough in planning decisions.

The plan is basically a voucher system, although that term is never used. Every individual or family would get a voucher (actually a health insurance card) entitling it to hospital and physicians' care and a variety of other basic health services. People could take their voucher to whatever insurance company or HMO they wanted; however, if they signed up with a plan that had lower costs, they would get either a tax-exempt rebate or additional benefits. By contrast, if a Medicare beneficiary today signs up with an HMO that costs only 70 percent of fee-for-service medicine, the government keeps all the savings, giving beneficiaries no incentive to choose the more efficient alternative.

The cost of the voucher would vary according to income. Employers would pay a percentage of their total payroll, with employees sharing up to 35 percent of the cost. (Employers facing large increases in insurance costs as a result of this requirement could get tax credits.) People with more than $2000 in non-wage income would pay premiums at half the employers' rate. No one, however, would pay—at least directly—more than the value of the voucher. The federal government would retain its direct financial role only for Medicare, which would be expanded to cover all people over 65; the poor now covered by Medicaid would get their voucher for free and use it to buy private health insurance. Thus there would be no separate program for the poor; they would carry insurance cards that identified the plan in which they enrolled but not the source of the premiums, which would be paid by the government.

If money were to flow directly from subscribers to insurers, the insurers would have an incentive to enroll high-income individuals, who pay more. So at this point the Kennedy proposal introduces a novel arrangement. All the revenues from employers, individuals and the government would go to four private national consortia representing Blue Cross associations, commercial health insurance companies, HMOs and independent private associations (groups of private doctors who agree to accept a flat sum per year for services to enrolled patients). The consortia would then pay out funds to the individual insurers and HMOs according to the risks that their enrolled subscribers represent. In other words, if a particular insurer signed up a disproportionate number of older, chronically ill patients, it would receive more money than a plan that signed up the young and healthy. Insurance companies now obviously prefer healthy, low-risk subscribers. The Kennedy plan tries to encourage them to compete in administrative performance and cost control rather than in risk selection. Improved performance might involve negotiating more economical terms with hospitals and doctors in order to offer rebates or improved benefits to potential subscribers. In this way, the Kennedy plan tries to turn the insurance companies from a liability, as it were, to an asset.

The proposal requires all insurers to offer a broad package of benefits, and it prevents them from keeping down their costs by using the myriad deductibles, coinsurance provisions and exemptions that now make insurance polices almost incomprehensible. In this way, it attempts both to eliminate economic barriers to health care and help consumers to compare and choose among competing plans.

Many economists advocate the use of deductibles and coinsurance on the grounds that they make health care consumers cost-conscious. It seems logical enough: if consumers have to bear part of the cost of an operation, they many think twice about having it. But sick people rarely are disposed to be cost-conscious, and even if they were, they rarely feel qualified to question their doctors' recommendations. In real life, consumers make the initial choice of enrolling in a health insurance or HMO plan, and of visiting a physician. Once consumers have become patients, their doctors make the key decisions about treatment. The Kennedy plan sacrifices some consumer cost-consciousness at the time of treatment to improve cost-comparability at the time of enrollment, when consumers are in a better position to make sensible choices. Moreover, by placing the full costs of care on insurers and HMOs, the Kennedy plan makes it difficult for plans to mask inefficiencies in obscure policy limitations.

Besides these market-oriented devices, the Kennedy plan employs a set of regulatory and bargaining arrangements aimed at cost containment. Every year a

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national health insurance board would set budgets for national and state health expenditures and a rate for the income-related premiums high enough to cover those expenditures. The premium rate in each state would depend on its effectiveness in controlling cost. At the state level, planning boards would set prospective budgets for hospitals, and the purchasers of care would negotiate fee schedules with physicians and other providers. Physicians could charge no more than the insurance program allowed them; they could not seek an additional payment from patients, as many do now under Medicare.

But the Kennedy plan yields the doctors an enormous short-run concession. Doctors whose usual and customary fees under Medicare were lower than the fee level negotiated could raise their fees to the maximum allowable. Doctors whose fees had been higher could continue to charge the greater amount, although their fees would rise more slowly and ultimately would be brought into line with the fee schedule. The immediate result would be an increase in average physician fees. Combined with an expected increase in the volume of services, this would produce much higher incomes for doctors in the year immediately following enactment of the plan. Over the long term, doctor's incomes would depend on the statewide bargaining with insurers and the constraint set by the national limit on health expenditures. But the initial increase in physician costs would not be an auspicious sign for a program promising cost control.

The same short-term gains and long run uncertainty would also be true for the insurance industry. The Kennedy plan would immediately increase the opportunity for profit in the health insurance business. Insurance companies could sign up any American family in the confidence that risk-related premium payments would be guaranteed. The addition of the poor now enrolled in the Medicaid and the expansion of insurance coverage for others might mean as much as a doubling in the cash flow of the industry. In addition, insurers would find it easier to sell supplemental insurance for medical services not included in the national plan, and could more easily market other types of insurance. In exchange, they would have to agree to federal regulation and endure enhanced competition from HMOs. So in spite of the potential for new profits, many insurance companies probably would prefer to remain on familiar ground.

Another source of opposition to the Kennedy plan undoubtedly will be employers. Under the proposal, high-wage employers would subsidize low-wage employers because both would pay a flat percentage of their payroll. Today the high-wage employers pay a smaller percentage. They will be unhappy about the extra costs, and the low-wage employers will feel that even though indirectly subsidized, their new insurance premiums are too expensive. The most adversely affected businesses would be those with high-wage, low-risk employees, since they can now buy health insurance on the most favorable terms. It happens that these firms include some of the largest and most powerful corporations in the country.

The architects of the new Kennedy plan were trying to create a more politically feasible proposal than the Kennedy-Corman bill. In this respect they most likely failed. The new proposal will meet just as determined opposition as the earlier one. But in trying to produce a more palatable plan, they actually designed a better one. No one gives it any chance of passing Congress in the foreseeable future, although that ought not to be held against it since Congress seems incapable of adopting any measures that offend powerful interests and that pay off only after the passage of time. But the plan introduces some original and thoughtful solutions to vexing problems of medical policy.

President Carter's proposals for health care reform, in contrast to Kennedy's, separate the problem of cost containment and goal of expanded coverage. Carter already has reintroduced his hospital cost containment bill, left over from the 95th Congress, which would attempt to put a flat nine percent ceiling on increases in hospital revenues. This month he will propose a plan to protect citizens against catastrophic medical expenses and to improve Medicaid and Medicare. This is supposed to be the first step in the gradual phasing in of national health care that would advance at a pace set by the condition of the economy. This piecemeal approach is defended on the grounds of realism. "We will be going to Congress at the outer limits of political possibility," a White House official said shortly before the Carter proposal was released.

This cautious approach that avoids attempting to reorganize the industry is less likely to curb health cost inflation than Kennedy's allegedly more costly proposal. The nine percent ceiling—while perhaps useful as a short-run stop-gap—is exactly the sort of indiscriminate directive from the top that cannot ensure saving from improved efficiency rather than reductions in the quality of service. The measure could turn out to be primarily a test of the ingenuity of hospitals and their accountants (unless, as seems likely, the ingenuity of hospital industry lobbyists kill it off). Carter's plan for modest expansion in government-financed medical coverage—which carries preliminary cost estimates of around $20 billion—would rely more on the kinds of cost-sharing, such as deductibles, that the Kennedy plan rejects.

National health care remains the last great item on the traditional liberal agenda. The politically cautious leader may hesitate to undertake it forthrightly, but in fact nothing less than a full-fledged health care reorganization can provide universal coverage at an acceptable price tag. Making enough people understand this to overcome the opposition to real national health insurance is what leadership is all about.

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Vance Kirkland (Colorado), Invasion of Mysteries Near Scorpio 1977, No. 2. Collection the artist.

William Wiley (California), Muse from a Lil Creep Village, watercolor. Collection the artist.

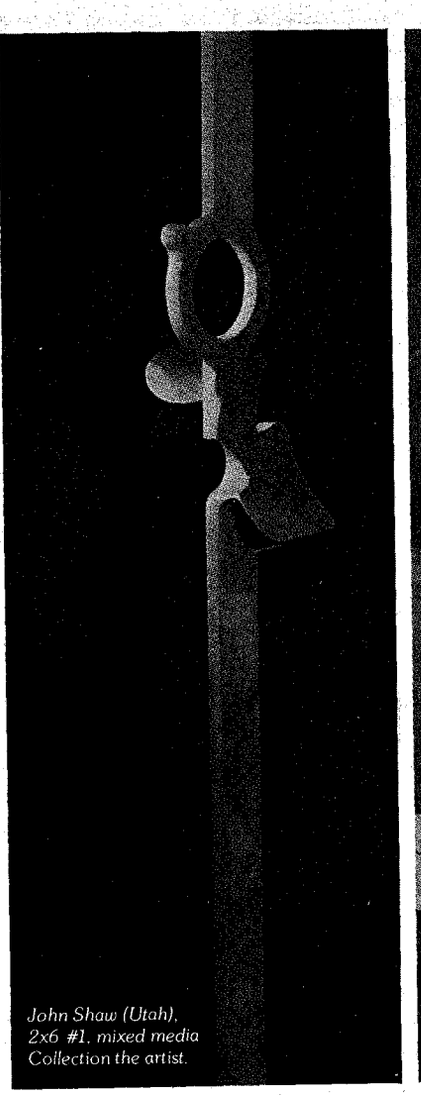
MUSE from a LIL CREEP VILLAGE 9/5/77

DISPATCH O GROUNDGEAR - OVER SEIZE - MEANWHILE AT FROST THEY WERE TURNING THEIR CAMERAS INTO MICRO SCOPES - AND SOMEBODY KNEW HOW TO STOP EM -

DEAR BIG MERLISTEIN BUD EASE - THE VILLAGE SQUARE WITH PROGRESS.. SALT CREEK TO ME.. THERES THE FESTIVAL OF CHEESE AND THE USUAL BRASS.. IT ALL SEEMED SO DIFFERENT 10 YRS AGO FIRST ARRIVED - AND ITS SOMETHING GOT FAMILIAR AND STALED STRANGE - OR AT LEAST A LITTLE ODD. AT LEAST THE COSTUMES ARE PRETTY PRATTY - BOOKS HERE TOO LOUD OR NOT LOUD ENOUGH.. EVEN KNOWING DONT HELP MUCH.. THE DELIMBA I MUST ADMIT AT TIMES GETS ME GIDDY.. THEN THERES THE OIL DERRICKS OOZING AROUND TOWN SO LONG BLACK QUIET THOUGHTS.. AT WRONG SILLY TIMES AND INNOCENT AT THE DESERT.. MAYBE IF YOU WERE THE OCEAN LOOKING AT US.. IT COULD BE LIKE YOU LOOKING AT THE OCEANS OF LAYERS OF FEARED AND FADORED LIFE FORMS..

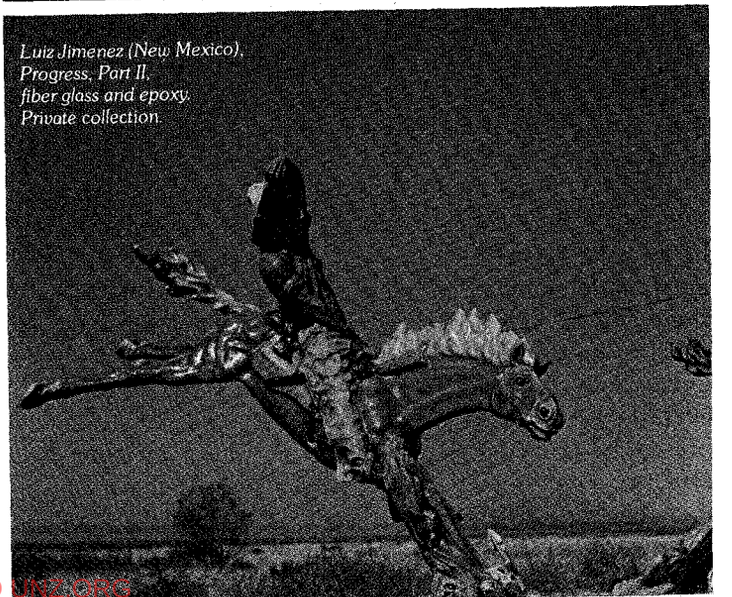
HARDLY BELIEVING DOLPHINS .. MY MY .. WELL THATS IT FOR NOW B. C. ing you..

yours [illegible]



John Shaw (Utah), 2x6 #1, mixed media Collection the artist.

Luiz Jimenez (New Mexico), Progress, Part II, fiber glass and epoxy. Private collection.



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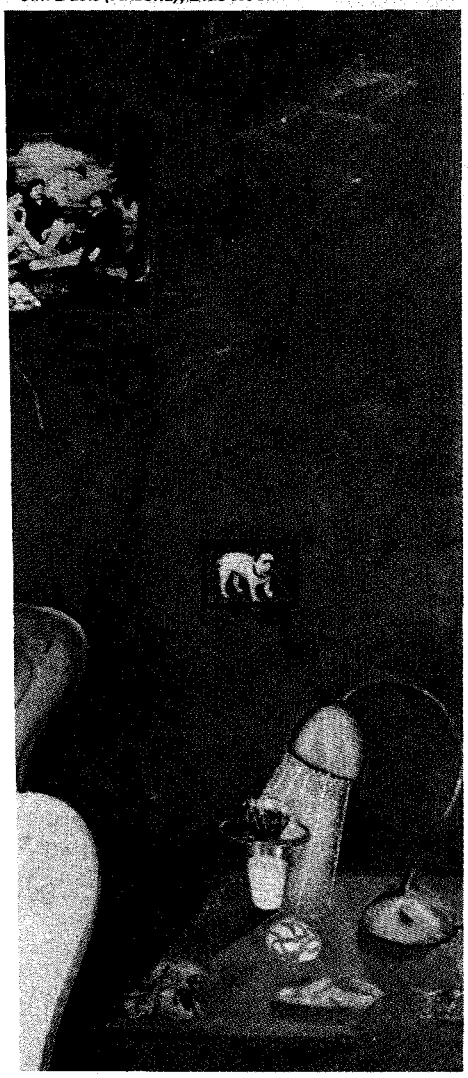
e big picture.

Jim Davis (Arizona), Blue Room. Collection the artist.



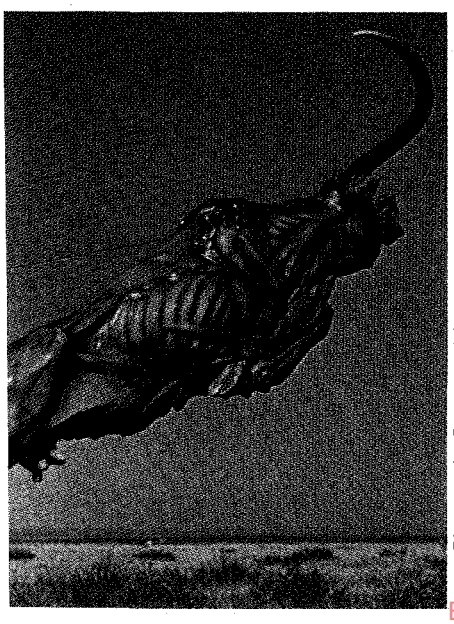


Photo credit: Courtesy of the artists

You're looking at some works which art historians, needing mental pigeonholes as much as the rest of us, refer to as "regional art." They are by contemporary American artists who happen to reside somewhere west of "The Great Divide." They're part of the "First Western States Biennial Exhibition."

And if you look at them closely, you'll see they are as "regional" as the "Florentine" Leonardo's—for their art, like his, is both partly of its time and place, and wholly universal.

Only time will tell if one of these paintings is, or leads to, the "big" picture that artists since Leonardo have strived for But no one can see the big picture of contemporary American art without seeing these artists, and their works, as part of it.

That's one reason we sponsored this exhibition and why we hope you can see it at one of the museums on the dates listed below. In our work, as in yours, we need constantly to freshen our vision with the visions of all Americans. And to remind ourselves that individual imagination, individual creativity and individual innovativeness are all readily available in every place where creative people work. Sponsorship of art that reminds us of these things is not patronage. It's a business and human necessity.

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"The First Western States Biennial Exhibition," an exhibition organized by the Western States Arts Foundation. It appeared at the Denver Art Museum, Denver, CO. March 7 to April 15, 1979. Subsequent showings include: National Collection of Fine Arts, Washington, D.C. June 8 to September 3, 1979; San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, San Francisco, CA. October 26 to December 9, 1979; Seattle Art Museum, Seattle, WA. May 29 to July 13, 1980. Additional showings will be announced at a later date. The exhibition is made possible by grants from Dayton-Hudson Foundation, Philip Morris Incorporated and Mission Viejo Company as well as the National Endowment for the Arts.

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Stages of Discussion

A literary friend said recently that she doesn't necessarily dispute my opinion of *The Elephant Man* as the best new American play since 1972 (the year of Shepard's *Tooth of Crime*), she just thinks that the truer the opinion is, the more terrifying. Without altering my views on Pomerance's play, I agree with her basic point: quality in the theater is much lower, standards are much more grovelingly grateful, than in fiction. Even than in films. The last is one of the reasons why so many Broadway hits fizzle on screen: not only (or at all) because they aren't cinematic but because film standards—in sheer entertainment—are higher than the theater's. Slade's *Same Time, Next Year* and Simon's *California Suite* are only two recent examples of stage smashes that shrank on screen. (*The Goodbye Girl*, Simon's original screenplay, is a much better piece of fluff than his Broadway hit.)

To put it another way: allowing for the merits of *The Elephant Man*, I saw nothing in the last theater season as consistently moving as *Norma Rae*, and it would be ludicrous to compare any of the plays with *Autumn Sonata*.

Look at a recent critical success, *Talley's Folly* (Circle Rep). This is another piece of Lanford Wilson's front-porch knitting about the South Central states, full of the click-clack of theatrical needles that obviously brings joy to critical hearts nostalgic for old fashions. The play is a two character hokum-jokum—a self-styled "waltz"—which, as we're told in advance, runs 94 minutes and ends happily. The way in which the man of the pair addresses the audience at the beginning and end; the ungainliness and self-doubt of the woman; the loneliness of two wounded people; the seedy elegance of the setting; the inclusion of inserted jokes—these are all Tennessee Williams derivatives. The difference from the best Williams is that no authentic mood or character or feeling is ever generated, just a series of facsimiles that lead to revelations whose only point is to justify the series of facsimiles that led to these revelations whose only point etc. . . .

This protracted dialogue between a St. Louis Jewish accountant and an Ozark hospital aide, set during World War II, ultimately uncovers two secrets: an experience of hers has left her sterile; he (not credible in this buffoon) is the child of tragically harassed European Jews and doesn't want children. This, after 94 mechanical minutes, brings them together.

Judd Hirsch is deft enough in what is really a vaudeville turn, not a role. Trish Hawkins is less appealing as—the name exemplifies Wilson's wit—Sally Talley. Their performances, like the glibly summoned nostalgia, the distant band music, the southern summer evenings, are just further deployments of familiar theatrical devices.

Yet the huzzahs range across the (alleged) spectrum of critics. And intelligent "civilians"—people not specifically engaged in the theater—go to *Talley's Folly*, and other plays that could be cited, then leave with their heads shaking: in wonderment at the praise and in despair about going back to the theater.

At least two interlocking conspiracies exist in our theater. First, most critics feel an obligation to overpraise in order to have some effect. I've seen this admitted in print; what I haven't seen admitted is that the overpraise is also to keep their bosses happy, something that rigor—in those capable of it—would not permit. After one of our few good theater critics, Richard Gilman, left his job at *Newsweek*, I met the then editor of the magazine at a party and heard him sigh with relief that he was rid of a critic who didn't like the art he was writing about.

Second, the municipality. In New York, more than any other city in the country, more than any other city in the world except London, the theater—commercial and otherwise—is an inseparable aspect of its identity and its salability to tourists; so there must never be a time without at least one hit in New York, and it rarely gets that low, no matter what the quality.

All the above are subsumed and excused under one rubric: Loving the Theater.

Eugene Ionesco said he began writing for the theater because he hated it. Jerzy Grotowski said that, when he hears someone talk about loving the theater, he turns aside and looks for a place to throw up.

How can anything good happen in our theater except out of loathing, not even hate, for almost everything we have?

The 20th anniversary of Lincoln Center, friends. The *New York Times* did a long story about it (May 20, 1979) in which, among the eulogies about the Center's other activities, the Beaumont Theater actually got mentioned a few times. After referring to the several "sad endings" for the various managements of that theater—I would have said "sad managements"—the *Times* article says of the new management: "For the Vivian Beaumont, it is another opening, and

Films Worth Seeing

The China Syndrome. A thriller that really thrills. Subject: nuclear energy. Fault: simplifying troubles by making power executives murderous heavies.

The Deer Hunter. Big, straggling but serious work about American male mystique, here and in Vietnam. Splendidly acted.

Norma Rae. Almost any praise is inadequate for Sally Field's performance in this somewhat naive but very, very moving film about labor organizing in the Deep South today.

Richard Pryor, Live in Concert. An almost unbroken 80 minutes of laughs, some of them social slashes, most of them raunchy.

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perhaps this is just as well for the center before it gets too smug about the more or less smooth sailing of it and its other constituents." In other words, the bungling of all the Beaumont managements from Whitehead and Kazan to Papp was a godsend in disguise.

And the new management? The head of it, Richmond Crinkley, was instrumental in producing (here it is again) *The Elephant Man*, which gave me a flicker of hope, but he has since moved to dim it. Recently he said of his plans for the Beaumont: "A new Woody Allen play would be an absolutely charismatic opening." He also yearns for a new play from Edward Albee, who in my view (as I've said) ought to be working as company dramaturg, at which he could be excellent, instead of company playwright, for which he has provided no hope for almost 15 years.

Crinkley also wants to do a classic. This may be a production of *The Tempest* by Liviu Ciulei, one of the artistic directorate of the Beaumont. Crinkley has just visited Romania to see Ciulei's *Tempest* production there. So we may get still one more production of Shakespeare by a man of some theatrical cleverness—and some of that cleverness highly forced—who does not really speak English. (I don't mean conversation: I mean nativity.) I'd much rather see Ciulei's *Tempest* with his Romanian cast. The visual elements would be the same, possibly even better executed; I'd understand perfectly what was going on, as would anyone who knows the play; I could make the assumption that the director had worked to the actors' best interests in a language they all really speak; and I'd be spared the atrocities committed on the English verse such as those in Ciulei's *Hamlet* production in Washington.

When, by the way, was the last time the Comédie Française invited a foreigner, however conversationally fluent in French, to direct Racine or Molière? I'm aware that Shakespeare was born in Stratford, Warwickshire, not Stratford, Connecticut. The issue isn't patriotism, even chauvinism. It's an artistic question: whether Shakespeare production consists primarily of concepts and décor with the text somehow taken care of, or whether it begins with the greatest English ever written, understood with the utmost immediacy, out of which then flower the imaginative instances of the particular production.

Contrast Crinkley's plan, which is simply to put on a series of shows and hope that they're hits, with the plans lately announced by the Brooklyn Academy of Music. BAM is sponsoring a repertory company, announced to open in February 1980, with David Jones as artistic director. Jones has done a great deal of work at the Royal Shakespeare Company, including an unforgettable production of Gorky's *Enemies* (*TNR*, July 22, 1972). His associate director will be Arthur Penn.

The intent is to have a permanent ensemble of 25 actors, to open with three plays next February and to add another three plays in the fall of 1980. One-third of their work is to be Shakespeare, the other two thirds are to be other classics and some new plays. If all this materializes, it will truly be a repertory company, not just a stock company, and not just a stock company that tries to disguise its stock-ness by interleaving performances of plays that are done and dropped, by actors who come and go.

New report on an old theme. Last year West German theaters got about $500 million in federal, state and city subsidies (*Variety*, May 2, 1979). This year the National Endowment for the Arts has allotted about five million dollars for this nation's theaters, and the New York State Council for the Arts has allotted $3,340,000 for theaters in the country's most theatrically active state.

Adequate funds don't guarantee good art, but inadequate funds virtually guarantee inadequate theater these days. The decline in aspiration of American resident theaters, which, with exceptions, seems widespread, is closely related to the financial need to play safe in programming and to cut every possible corner.

William Youngren on classical records

These last few months I have said almost nothing about vocal music. This month I will try to make up for my negligence.

More than five years ago the gifted English conductor, musicologist and harpsichordist Raymond Leppard undertook what appeared to be a projected complete recording, for Philips, of Monteverdi's madrigals. Books III and IV (6703 035) and VIII through X (6799 006) were fine enough to make one hope that the series would be speedily completed. But then there was silence, broken only now by the welcome release of Book VII (6747 416), which preserves the high standards set by the earlier albums. It was not until 1937, when Nadia Boulanger's marvelous performances of a selection of Monteverdi's vocal music were issued on Victor and HMV 78s, that interest was reawakened in this great composer whom Leo Schrade, in the subtitle of his definitive biography, has justly called "the creator of modern music." A decade after the Boulanger recordings, as Schrade perceptively points out, Stravinsky's *Orpheus* showed "that there is again an affinity of minds between the artists of today and Monteverdi." But the only edition of his works, edited by the composer Malipiero and rich in errors, was not completed until 1942, and it is really only in the last few years that Monteverdi has begun to command the audience he deserves. For this Leppard, as much as anyone, may take credit.

Book VII, published in 1619, is important because it marked Monteverdi's complete abandonment of the traditional five-voice unaccompanied madrigal, already out of date when Book VI had been published five years earlier. The first (and largest and blackest) word on the original title-page of Book VII is "*CONCERTO*," which announced to the world that the madrigals contained therein were "concerted" music: music for voices, in various combinations, accompanied by a basso continuo to be provided by a harpsichord (or, if necessary, a lute or guitar) and probably also a cello or viol. Flutes and violins are added in a couple of the madrigals, and one, the beautiful *Con che soavità*, to a text by Guarini, employs three separate choirs of stringed and keyboard instruments, fascinatingly played off against one another. There are the usual kissing songs and bird songs, and if listened to

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all at one sitting—as of course they were never meant to be but as the exigencies of a record reviewer's life may demand that they be—they become a little tiresome, though each one is in itself charming. Among the best of the Book VII madrigals are the progressively more florid strophic variation-song, *Tempro la Cetra*, which serves as a sort of prologue; the solemn and powerful *Interrote speranze* for two tenors; the two *"lettere amorose," Se i languidi miei sguardi* and *Se pur destina*, somberly declaimed by solo voice; and the concluding *Tirsi e Clori*, a *"ballo"* or extended dramatic sketch with accompanying ballet.

I am not a specialist in this music but I love it, and I can imagine no performances more satisfying than those Leppard offers here. His singers and instrumentalists are superb, his tempi well chosen, and his own harpsichord continuo constantly enlivening yet never intrusive or distracting. There are a few questions one might raise, such as why the lovely opening *Sinfonia* is not repeated, as the score directs, or why the continuo occasionally drops out suddenly, creating an *a capella* effect that often seems inappropriate. But these records proudly take their place beside Leppard's earlier ones, and make one hope (once again) that his series of madrigals will soon be completed.

I have always had a special attachment to Benjamin Britten's 1945 opera *Peter Grimes* because its libretto is taken from one of the tales in *The Borough* (1810), by George Crabbe, on whom I wrote my doctoral dissertation. Britten, who became interested in Crabbe because of a 1941 article in *The Listener* by E. M. Forster, transformed the Peter Grimes of *The Borough*, an inarticulate sadistic drunk whose apprentices keep dying under suspicious circumstances, into a Romantic visionary—who nonetheless has strangely bourgeois aspirations: to make enough money fishing so that he can set up a shop and marry Ellen Orford, a widowed schoolmistress also borrowed (and transformed) from Crabbe's poem. In 1959 Britten himself conducted a recording of the work, still available on London OSA-1305, with Claire Watson as Ellen and Peter Pears, for whom the role was written, as Grimes. Now there is a new recording, employing, like its predecessor, the Covent Garden orchestra and chorus but conducted by Colin Davis, with Heather Harper as Ellen and Jon Vickers as Grimes (Philips 6769 014). I doubt that anyone has ever felt dissatisfied with the Britten recording: it gives a fine account of the score, was obviously lovingly produced, and of course has impeccable claims to authenticity. But Davis's is even better. Britten was an excellent conductor, but conducting was, after all, not his main line of work; Davis, on the other hand, is one of the greatest conductors in the world today. And it is fascinating to see how, at almost every turn, he grasps and realizes Britten's intentions even more effectively than Britten himself.

With Davis everything is more powerfully inflected, more highly charged rhythmically, the characters more sharply etched, the comedy broader, the whole production played on a larger scale. The differences are immediately obvious in the courtroom prologue: while Pears is quietly withdrawn and aloof as he defends himself against charges of having done away with apprentice number one, Vickers is powerful, rapt, self-absorbed. The wonderful interlude that follows—in which sustained high violin phrases alternate with ponderous low brass chords and electrifying arpeggios in violas, clarinets and harp—receives from Davis a weight and solemnity that are perfectly in the spirit of Britten's performance but that Britten does not match. And Davis manages superbly the magical transition into the opening scene, with its chorus of people going about their daily work. Vickers has a full conventional operatic voice, a fine ringing dramatic tenor, whereas Pears's smaller and lighter voice has always sounded as though it would be more at home in oratorio than in opera. When Vickers wants to, he can pull in his voice and approximate Pears's silvery grace, as in the fine aria about the Great Bear and the Pleiades. But he can also command a power that Pears has never had and that gives the role an extra dimension, making Grimes's vision more terrifying, his virulence against the Borough gossips ("They listen to money") more intense, the violence that (perhaps) informs his character more credible.

"This is *honest* performance: you can read it in score!" Toscanini once proudly exclaimed as he listened to a recording of one of his broadcasts. And on several occasions he privately expressed contempt for Charles Munch, then the newly appointed conductor of the Boston Symphony, because of Munch's habit of whipping up tempi to make his Berlioz performances exciting. "Is easy to make exciting in double tempo," Toscanini scornfully remarked of the finale of Munch's *Symphonie Fantastique*, "but not easy to play correct." These two remarks, which I cite from B. H. Haggin's excellent *Conversations with Toscanini*, neatly evoke two very different views of the man. On the one hand, there is the real Toscanini as he saw himself and as he wished younger conductors to see (and be influenced by) him: the man who wished only to give performances that were honest and correct. On the other, there is the Toscanini of popular legend: the man who played everything too fast to make it all exciting. Sadly, and through no fault of his own, it is the latter Toscanini, the fake, not the real one, who has probably had more influence not only on the popular imagination but also on younger conductors. The thoroughly mediocre Seiji Ozawa, Munch's latest successor in Boston, offers a perfect example of a post-Toscanini conductor who learned from Toscanini only that any reasonably fast piece can be made exciting if played still faster. But then, happily, there is James Levine, who increasingly impresses me as the conductor of today who has most fruitfully absorbed the best of what

Records Worth Getting

Bach, Brandenburg Concertos Nos. 2 and 5, and "Wedding" Cantata: James Levine and members of the Chicago Symphony, with soprano Kathleen Battle (RCA ARL1-2788). In all ways a model of Bach performance, even though done on modern instruments. Especially noteworthy for Ray Still's magnificent oboe-playing on the *"Wedding" Cantata*.

Beethoven, Piano Sonatas Opp. 101, 106 ("Hammerklavier"), 109, 110, and 111: Maurizio Pollini (Deutsche Grammophon 3-disc set 2709 072). The finest performances these great works have received on records since Schnabel's classic pre-war ones.

Haydn, Symphonies Nos. 88 and 99: Colin Davis and the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam (Philips 9500 138). Definitive performances from the finest Haydn conductor of our day.

Mahler, Symphony No. 2: Claudio Abbado and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra with mezzosoprano Marilyn Horne and soprano Carol Neblett (Deutsche Grammophon 2707 094). Superbly cohesive and beautifully articulate reading of one of Mahler's greatest scores.

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Toscanini had to pass on. Levine seems never to have a case to make or an axe to grind—as even Toscanini himself sometimes did in later years: with the slow movements and minuets of Haydn and Mozart symphonies, for example, which he sometimes took at breakneck speed in order to make some imagined point about the nature of a *real* andante or a *real* minuet. Levine seems only to want to produce performances that are honest, that you can read in the score.

These thoughts are prompted by Levine's new recording of Verdi's *Otello* (RCA CRL3-2951), with Placido Domingo as Otello, Renata Scotto as Desdemona, Sherrill Milnes as Iago, and the National Philharmonic Orchestra (evidently an English ensemble, excellent though unknown to me). *Otello* was, of course, a work long connected with Toscanini. In 1893 he got himself into the La Scala orchestra, as second-chair cellist, so he could play in the premiere; the following year he conducted the work at Pisa; in 1899 he did it himself at La Scala; he subsequently brought it to the Met (1908-1909) and again to La Scala (1928-29); and finally he broadcast it with the NBC Symphony in February 1947, a broadcast recorded at the time by RCA but now, alas, only available on foreign pressings. For his NBC *Otello* Toscanini had the best cast of all his recorded operas: Ramon Vinay, Herva Nelli, and Giuseppe Valdengo as Iago. Levine's cast is just as good: Domingo now and then strains a high note but is generally excellent; Scotto is more robust and full-blooded than the rather thin-voiced but very touching Nelli; the powerful Milnes is a match for Valdengo.

I don't know for a fact that Levine's *Otello* has been directly influenced by Toscanini, but their tempi throughout Act I are almost incredibly close. Interestingly enough, despite all the talk about Toscanini's rigidity and speed during his last years, it is Levine who is a trifle more steady, businesslike, occasionally rigid, and generally faster. Toscanini begins the great drinking scene a little more slowly and then, almost imperceptibly, speeds up as Iago gets Cassio drunk, heightening the excitement and making us forget the dramatic improbability. But then in the concluding love duet it is Toscanini who is faster and more passionate.

There is almost nothing to choose from between the two. Levine, however he did it, has managed to absorb and transmit, in his own way and without in the least aping Toscanini, what Toscanini brought to Verdi: the unfailing sense of pacing; the ability not just to make the fast passages exciting but to expand and contract with the ever-changing flow of dramatic action, relaxing into grace when grace is called for. Otello's *"Ora per sempre addio"* ("Farewell the tranquil mind! Farewell content!") is a little more hair-raising in Toscanini's performance—note, for instance, the one-bar trumpet tattoo, played *ppp*, to which Toscanini gives a tautness and an air of self-discipline, that instantly, miraculously summons up all that "the big wars / That make ambition virtue" have meant to Otello. Perhaps the greatest musical moment in the opera, Otello's *"Dio! mi potevi scagliar"* ("Had it pleased heaven / To try me with affliction"), is both tense and expansive in Levine's performance; but he misses the searching, gnawing insistence that Toscanini, at a slightly faster tempo, gives to the repeated yet always slightly varied violin figures, each one a new stab at the heart. Finally, the tragic climax of the last act is even more pathetic and shattering in Toscanini's performance than in Levine's. But Toscanini had lived with *Otello* for over 50 years before he recorded it, whereas Levine is now about 35. One hopes that Levine too will be around until he is 90; but if he should die tomorrow, recordings like this *Otello* would already have secured his reputation.

The Genesis of Secrecy: On the Interpretation of Narrative
by Frank Kermode

(Harvard University Press; $10)

For some time there has been a quarrel among theorists over the question of what it is we do when we read or interpret texts. On one side, defended most powerfully by E. D. Hirsch in *Validity in Interpretation* (1967), are those who argue that the proper object of interpretation is the author's intention. These "intentionalists," as they have been called, do not deny or deplore the fact that texts are always being reinterpreted in the light of perspectives which have little to do with their original intention. But they argue that it is both possible and desirable to distinguish this kind of revisionary reading, which may bring an old text to life for a new epoch, from a reading of what the author meant. The other side, influenced by European thinkers such as Heidegger and Nietzsche, insists that such "objective" recovery of the author's original intentions is not possible. The Heideggerians argue that what an interpreter perceives is not the author's intention so much as a complex "fusion" of that intention with the interpreter's quite different historical awareness. The Nietzscheans take the view that a new interpretation is always a "fiction" imposed by the reader's perspective, or—in the turn to which contemporary structuralists have given Nietzsche's view—imposed by the reader's interpretative conventions. Though frequently technical and confusing, the quarrel is important, since on it hinges the question of the status and authority of humanistic knowledge. It also poses questions of cultural politics: for example, is the norm of objective interpretation a critical or pedagogical counterpart of technocratic social control?

Frank Kermode has been something of a fence-straddler in this quarrel, upholding a British empiricist's concern for common sense and responsibility in interpretation, while at the same time playing with neo-Continental theories that unsettle this concern and trouble its assurances. His new book, *The Genesis of Secrecy*, subtitled *On The Interpretation of Narrative*, takes up the theoretical problem of interpretation with respect to a particular set of narratives, the New Testament Gospels. Kermode's discussion of the Gospel narratives—mixed with enough references to secular literary works (*The Trial, Ulysses, The Crying of Lot 49*) to give the book a more general, literary interest—is often absorbing. But the larger point of the book will probably elude many readers. One visualizes the auditors of the Charles Eliot Norton Lectures at Harvard—of which the book is composed—shifting in their chairs and wondering just what the lecturer is getting at. The mixture of

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solid English roast beef and spicy French sauces confuses the palate.

Each of the book's six chapters deals with a particular interpretative problem in the Gospels. The most intriguing of these is the one posed by Jesus's statement in Mark 4:11-12, which serves as a kind of motto for Kermode's book:

> *To you has been given the secret of the kingdom of God, but for those outside everything is in parables; so that they may indeed see but not perceive, and may indeed hear but not understand; lest they should turn again, and be forgiven.*

Jesus has been preaching to a crowd, teaching them "many things in parables," such as the parable of the Sower. When the Apostles ask him what this parable means, he makes the above statement, which Kermode aptly compares with a statement by Kafka's doorkeeper in the parable that concludes *The Trial*. In Kafka's parable, a man has been waiting for many years outside the portals of "the Law." Only as he is dying does the doorkeeper favor him with an explanation: "this door was intended only for you. Now I am going to shut it." Jesus's remark seems equally perverse, implying that, as Kermode puts it, he has been telling the audience stories "in order to ensure that they would miss the point."

Looking for a way around this insupportable conclusion, some pious commentators have questioned the authority of the Greek word which the standard version renders "in order that," *hina*. Matthew, Mark's first interpreter, "also seems to have found Mark's *hina* intolerable," Kermode points out. Thus Matthew changed *hina* to *hoti*, "because," altering the meaning to suggest that the exclusion "arises not from the speaker's intention, but from the stupidity of his hearers, so that the blame is theirs." "The desire to change *hina* to *hoti*," Kermode says, pointing the moral, "is a measure of the dismay we feel at our arbitrary and total exclusion from the kingdom, or from the secret sense of the story. . . ." It is a desier that animates the practice of textural interpretation.

However one interprets a narrative, then, and this is Kermode's point, one engages in a creative rewriting. (Harold Bloom calls this "misprision" or "misreading," the structuralists, "recuperation" or "naturalization.") Whether one accepts *hina* or *hoti*, one has to conceive the passage in a way that makes it consonant with a coherent idea of Jesus's actions and their significance. Narratives, in short, do not speak for themselves. They have to be "supplemented," recast by the mind of the reader into a satisfying whole. And since the world and the readers it contains are perpetually changing, old texts are continually under pressure to yield new meanings, meanings not foreseen by their authors. "Our divinations," Kermode says, "are made necessary by the fact of our occupying, inescapably, a position in history which is not the position of the text we cultivate, and not a position of which we have much objective understanding. . . ." "The past" is thus a set of fictions, created by a succession of unfolding present awarenesses, and thus our grasp of this past is always precarious.

This chronic instability of interpretations is mitigated, however, by institutions, which fix the codes and set the limits that define heresy and orthodoxy. Every language, a shared fiction that inscribes the world with a convenient order for us, is one such code. Institutions such as the church (or the literature department) establish codes within the larger shared code, conferring on "insiders" a privileged relation to the secrets of the canonized texts. "All interpretative activity is subject to cultural predispositions and institutional caveats," Kermode notes, and each institution lays its own claim to "secrecy" that excludes outsiders, those who see and hear but do not understand. Kermode says in his preface that his book "is partly about the condition of being an outsider," which is to say, a demystifier of "institutional control of interpretation," to quote the title of a recent essay by Kermode in *Salmagundi*. In that essay, however, Kermode assures us that "there clearly is a sense in which a professional body *knows*" what a text means, that "there is an institutionalized competence, and what it finds unacceptable is incompetent." Going even further in another essay entitled "Can We Say Absolutely Anything We Like?" Kermode answers "no." And he advances Michael Polanyi's theory of "tacit knowing" as a means of giving authority to institutional privilege in interpretation. Polanyi's ideas in *The Tacit Dimension* and elsewhere suggest a way out of the deadlock of arguments over the theory of knowledge by showing how knowledge can be both "personal" and rooted in objective, sharable experience.

One looks in vain for any such constructive argument in *The Genesis of Secrecy*. Kermode assures us that institutions can and do agree on what

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constitutes competence, and he even suggests that we are all "programmed," as he puts it, to prefer interpretations that make sense over randomness and indeterminacy. But there seems to be no way these agreements can be other than arbitrary. Though we pretend to have an objective basis for historical knowledge, this pretense is supported only as long as "the institution which guarantees our studies upholds the fictions that give them value. . . ." We can no longer properly speak, according to Kermode, of recovering an author's "original intention." Of Mark, for example, Kermode says:

> *it is far beyond us to reproduce the tacit understandings that existed between this dead writer and his dead audience. Those accords are lost. We cannot know the original generic set of Mark; and to read it against our own is to read it differently.*

There seems to be a confusion here someplace: how could we even know we were reading Mark "differently" unless we fathom what "Mark" was to begin with? Not pausing to take up such problems, Kermode expands his skeptical point about Mark into a categorical assertion:

> *We can, indeed, no longer assume that we have the capacity to make value-free statements about history, or suppose that there is some special dispensation whereby the signs that constitute an historical text have reference to events in the world.*

Here Kermode quite shuts the gate on us insofar as recovering historical truth is concerned. "Tacit knowing," where are you when we need you?

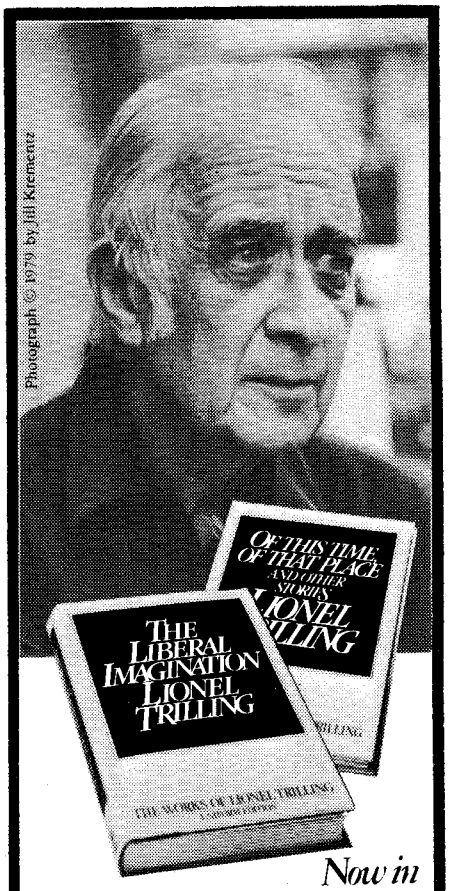
The radical implications of Kermode's argument are brought out in a passage on the transformation of the Old Testament that came about with the advent of the New. The Old Testament, after all, became "Old" only in the light of a later document which suddenly altered its meaning, casting it into the position of a prologue or anticipation and depriving it of its former self-sufficiency. This constitutes, Kermode says, "an extraordinary transformation":

> *A whole literature, produced over many centuries and forming the basis of a highly developed religion and culture, is now said to have value only insofar as it complies with the fore-understanding of later interpreters. The interest of these latecomers is solely in certain arcane figurations, to which all who had supposed themselves the proper interpreters of that literature were deaf and blind. Yet this new form of interpretation, whereby, in a phrase of John Hollander's, a previously nonexistent book called the Old Testament is created out of an old one, the Torah, by a hermeneutical fiat, is a model of our procedures, of the way we go about our higher, initiate, reading. Of course there have always been those who objected to what they saw as the dangerous destruction of history, the creation of an insatiable monster which, fed with texts, spewed forth absurd spiritual allegories. But they did not prevail. And if the Old Testament could be read thus, might not the New be read in the same way?*

This passage illustrates Kermode's disarming ability to glide imperceptibly from the language of description to that of prescription. The fact that some interpreters have destroyed history by revising old texts through "hermeneutical fiat" is subtly transmuted from a fact into an imperative—a "model of our own procedures," though it remains unclear how far the model is restricted to "higher, initiate, reading" alone. The fact that men have often put their own willed meanings in place of those intended by the author becomes not merely a fact about behavior but an assertion of the legitimacy of this behavior.

What about "those who objected" to this "destruction of history"? "They did not prevail," says Kermode, as if this were both self-evident and sufficient to dismiss such objections from serious consideration. The history of successive revisions of any text over time relegates the attempt to preserve or recover an original meaning to the dustbin of history. Does this mean, then, that there is no point even in attempting to overcome the prejudices of time and place, since it is not possible to do so? That is the implication that follows, though how far Kermode would be happy with it is not clear. Kermode is not merely questioning the likelihood, given the incurable stupidity and egotism of human nature, of our arriving very often at "value-free statements about history." He says we no longer have the *capacity* to make such statements, or we can no longer assume we have it.

But how far are we to take this? Would Kermode hold, for instance, that we cannot hope to get to the facts obscured by Soviet "doublespeak" revisions of recent history? Kermode does insist that we can be aware of the "complex of prejudices we bring to the task of discovering a sense," and his book is in part, as he says, an "outsider's" critique of the prejudices of established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"insiders." But what good is awareness of prejudices if interpretation is, as he seems to imply, always a matter of "hermeneutical fiat"? It would follow from this that our awareness of prejudices could only prompt us to discard them for some other set of prejudices, equally fictive. To regard all historical awareness as ideologically prejudiced may seem to be a "liberal" tactic guarding against ruling-class fictions, but it actually protects such fictions from criticism by undermining the objectivity of the facts needed to refute them.

Kermode's line of argument is symptomatic of a general tendency to transfer humanistic questions from the sphere of rational debate and verification to the sphere of force, if only of rhetorical force. This tendency is much encouraged by structuralist thought, though structuralism exercises no monopoly over it. Structuralism does admittedly contain an important recognition: that our understanding of reality rests on conventions generated by our systems of signification. Objects, events, relations, meanings, do not come to us already packaged in predefined units, bearing labels to be read off without the intervention of human acts of interpretation. (The culture of the supermarket obscures this truth from us, making packaging and labels appear to be facts of nature.) Our languages organize reality in terms of their own structures, structures also termed paradigms, frameworks, models, *epistemes*, myths, fictions and so forth. Roland Barthes, in *Mythologies*, shows how the codes of mass entertainment and advertising create an artificial reality which middle-class man takes to be an eternal order of nature. And in *S/Z* he shows how narrative structures generate their own self-regulating codes of signification. The subtlety of Kermode's analysis of narrative in the present book—to which my summary has not done justice—is evidence of the analytical power of structuralist methods. So is Kermode's sophistication about "the sociology of interpretation" here and in the *Salmagundi* essay, where he traces the social anxieties that underlay the formation of the official canon, first in the history of the church, later in professional literary studies.

But the most adept users of structuralist method are not content with such technical applications. They wish to be metaphysicians as well, advancing astounding conclusions supposedly inferable from structuralism about the relation or non-relation between language and reality. Since our understanding of the world is constructed by socially mediated sign-systems, so the structuralist logic runs, it follows that our statements correspond not with "reality" but only with other verbal structures, other texts. Kermode does not assert this view so much as take it for granted as enlightened opinion. Thus he relegates to a footnote at the back of the book his compliance with "the assumption of modern semiologists that the 'meaning' of a sign-vehicle never has a corresponding object." Quoting Barthes, Kermode in another place says, "We cannot escape the conclusion that 'the fact can exist only linguistically, as a term in a discourse,' although 'we behave as if it were a simple reproduction of something or other on another plane of existence altogether, some extra-structural "reality."'"

In such statements, one sees structuralism operating no longer as a mere method of analysis but as a kind of prophecy, bringing a new gospel of universal textuality and fictionality. The peremptory tone makes it difficult to quarrel with this gospel, but one may wonder if there is not a *non sequitur* at the basis of it. It is not clear why the assumption that our ideas *originate* in conventional sign-systems, outside of which they could not exist, should imply that what these ideas *refer* to is only the sign-system itself and not any "corresponding object." That our ideas originate as social constructions rather than as pure givens seems true, but this tells us nothing about the claims of truth these ideas can make and what reference

EN ROUTE

for Harry and Kathleen

Things we, sinking
in an anytime mid-darkness,
cling to which might get us
out of this mess or at least
bring it into focus—no wonder
they grow wonderful,
perched
five stories up in this study
of a spacious New York apartment,
the rooms, every one, cosily lined
with ceiling-high shelves, books
behind books, art-books, recordings,
pictures like the cave at Lascaux,

the mousy little cat, a thing
of springs, projected across
the room, the other, furtive,
prickly, humped on topmost volumes,

a grey enough day, the day
before Christmas, at the Riverside,
buses soughing by, the buildings,
that glittered Byzantine last night
like Christmas itself, this morning
bulky cut-outs made of mist,
risen from the river,
sitting
at my friend's desk, drawers
no doubt littered with postcards,
letters, bills like crumpled sails
of voyages forgotten, our trip
to the Far East fast approaching,

he sightseeing with Kathleen
in Rome or this very moment maybe
floating along, as in my revery,
on a gondola in Venice, its waves
blown, a Byzantine, into shapes
mercurial as their colors,

I
clinging to things not my own,
this bottle of glue, stuck fast
to itself, that jar of pencils,
the typewriter with its tier
on tier of a population waiting—
then it boos, it cheers—to be
manipulated,
able to compose
who knows what lightning
phrases, able at once to stab
us into wounds we'd rather keep
covered
and to soothe them
with recovering balm of something
discovered, something almost
understood.

Through the plants
stacked on the ledge I squint
out the window, hoping the day,
like glue in the bottle, will hold
at least itself together
and say
that it, no less than the phone
reposed on the desk, contains
assorted messages can find me
out in an instant, targeted
as by a scream or cat-quick music,
with homesick grief, everywhere
fondling, homecome laughter.
Oh
must disconsolateness, this feeling
unmade up like a many-times-slept-in bed, this clutter, leaves
scuffed, grounded, several times
faded, bitter grey everywhere,
fit and fit and fit me?

Theodore Weiss

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they may have to the world. That we must live inside institutionally constituted paradigms, with all the possibility of distortion and bias this entails, does not prevent our testing and verifying these paradigms against independent facts. And it is because we can make such tests that we can "demystify" meretricious codes such as Soviet doublespeak or Barthes's mass-cultural mythologies—whereas if we accepted Barthes's account, it would be impossible ever to determine that any single code is more deceptive than any other.

What Kermode proposes is a model of interpretation whereby we know our readings are fictions but we embrace them anyway. His defense of interpretative conventions as a set of shared fictions is therefore finally indistinguishable from a kind of post-structuralist view which is too sophisticated, wise and weary to believe even in nihilism. Like Jacques Derrida, Kermode is not so presumptuous as to think he can break free from the ideological fictions whose bankruptcy he has exposed.

> *World and book, it may be, are hopelessly plural, endlessly disappointing; we stand before them, aware of their arbitrariness and impenetrability, knowing that they may be narratives only because of our impudent intervention, and susceptible of interpretation only by our hermetic tricks.*

This statement, from the book's coda, couched in the grand style of current humanistic defeatism, rests on an assumption about human credibility that itself strains credulity. It envisions a reader who does not tire of attempting tasks which he knows at the outset to be futile. Actual readers, on encountering a text whose import does not appear open to being guessed with any assurance, tend to lose interest. It is only the hope of cracking the code, deciphering the heiroglyph, that keeps the interpreter from giving up. Even though the hope of success be slight, it is that shred of hope that propels the search. Kermode speaks of the *spes hermeneutica*, the hope of the interpreter, but he describes this hope as compatible with the theoretical recognition of hopelessness.

It was precisely the recognition that the Bible is rewritable according to diverse sectarian viewpoints that helped discredit Biblical exegesis and, eventually, the Bible itself. The decline of theology to its present esoteric status as an affair of professionals is a consequence of the widespread conviction, held even by believers, that theology is so indeterminate a thing that it is useless to argue about it. That literature, too, is now becoming an affair of professional experts may also be partly a consequence of the feeling—promoted by some of the experts—that its meanings are not subject to rational determination. This is not to deny that the intended meanings of many texts are lost to us. Kermode may be right that "the original generic set of Mark" is not recoverable. But this being the case, it

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does no good to pretend that we can content ourselves with a self-fabricated "Mark" whose authenticity we do not even claim to take seriously.

In his earlier book, *The Sense of an Ending*, Kermode cautioned that to hold that we use fictions to make sense of the world is not necessarily to do away with truth. What Kermode did not explain was how, in a world of fictions, one fiction could be chosen as truer than any other. Kermode's theory of fictions collided with his acknowledgment that thought is answerable to a world outside itself. In Kermode's more recent criticism, this contradiction remains unresolved. On the one side, there is a promising move in the direction of "tacit knowing" as a means of grounding interpretative conventions and communities. But warring against this is a structuralist theory of the priority of fictions over facts. Truth and competence are simply those fictions most of us agree upon, but why we should agree upon them is not explained.

Kermode concludes with the observation that however one thinks of interpretation, "one may be sure of one thing, and that is disappointment." But this is simply not true. One may no more be *sure* of disappointment in this enterprise than one may be sure of success. One ends up wondering how Kermode came to have so much assurance of defeat, and why assurances of defeat are what many people of good will want to hear at the moment. One looks for an explanation to the bad conscience of the liberal mind, whose reluctance to assert intellectual authority may be a symptom of shell-shock in the face of the ideological violence of modern history. Since any claim to have understood something *as it is* may lead to domination, the legitimacy of the claim has to be discredited. Mastery as such has to be defended against, even mastery at reading books.

Gerald Graff

Gerald Graff, chairman of the English department at Northwestern University, is the author of *Literature Against Itself: Literary Ideas in Modern Society* (University of Chicago Press). He is at work on a social history of modern American criticism.

Been in the Storm So Long: The Aftermath of Slavery by Leon F. Litwack

(Knopf; $20)

During the last few years the focus of the best work in southern history has shifted from slavery and the plantation system of the antebellum period to the social and economic transformations of the post-Civil War era. Many earlier historians have, of course, studied the Reconstruction years but until recently they have mostly dealt with political developments—some with a view to proving that "Black Reconstruction" was a political blunder and a social outrage, others with the purpose of demonstrating that the "Radical" regimes in the postwar South were not very radical, were not dominated by blacks, and were not significantly less efficient or more corrupt than the all-white governments they replaced. But recently scholars have turned from these time-worn political controversies to ask how the southern people, black and white, fared after the end of slavery.

Some of the most innovative and rewarding of the new studies evaluate the economic problems of the postwar South. Stephen J. DeCanio's *Agriculture in the Postbellum South* (1974), Robert Higgs's *Competition and Coercion* (1977), and Jay R. Mandle's *The Roots of Black Poverty* (1978) offer thoughtful, if somewhat conflicting, explanations for the rise of sharecropping and its consequences for southern economic growth. Broader and more accessible to the general reader is *One Kind of Freedom* (1977), by Roger L. Ransom and Richard Sutch, which uses both econometric techniques and conventional historical sources to explore the economic consequences of emancipation. These new studies differ in their conclusions about the costs of the Civil War to the South, about the role of racism in the rise of sharecropping, and about the part played by the merchant in the southern postwar economy but, taken together, they have transformed their subject by moving away from the old controversies over morality in the direction of a methodical examination of the southern economic structure.

A good beginning has also been made toward a social history of southern whites during the Reconstruction years. One of the best sections in Eugene D. Genovese's *Roll, Jordan, Roll* (1974) describes the reactions of southern whites to emancipation, and James L. Roark's sensitively written *Masters Without Slaves* (1977) conveys the shock and incredulity that slaveowners felt when obliged to recognize that their former chattels were now free men. In a brilliant and controversial analysis, Jonathan Wiener has continued the story of southern whites into the postwar period. His *Social Origins of the New South* (1978) challenges the standard view, advanced by C. Vann Woodward, that industrialists, merchants and bankers were the leaders of postwar southern society and argues that, at least in Alabama, the planters continued to dominate economic and political life.

Now, finally, we are beginning to get good social and economic studies of blacks during the Reconstruction era. Up to the present the only general account was Henderson H. Donald's thin and biased *The Negro Freedman* (1962). Students have been obliged to piece together the story from several excellent monographs, such as Willie Lee Rose's *Rehearsal for Reconstruction* (1964) and Joel Williamson's *After Slavery* (1965), which deal perceptively with blacks in South Carolina, and Peter Kolchin's *First Freedom* (1972), which does the same for blacks in Alabama. But with the publication of *Been in the Storm So Long*, by Leon F. Litwack, we have, for the first time, a comprehensive account of the transition of blacks from slavery to freedom, a worthy record of "the countless ways in which freedom was perceived and experienced by the black men and women who had been born into slavery and how they acted on every level to help shape their condition and future as freedmen and freedwomen."

Been in the Storm So Long is a splendid book, a fascinating and moving recital of

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what Litwack rightly calls "an epic chapter in the history of the American people." It is, first of all, a work of enormous scholarship. It would be hard to think of a southern manuscript collection, newspaper or pertinent government document that Litwack, who is a professor of history at the University of California at Berkeley, has not examined and used with discrimination and care. He is the first historian to make use, in a general work on the Reconstruction era, of the thousands of slave narratives collected by interviewers from the Federal Writers' Project during the New Deal. Aware of the problems of bias and selectivity posed by these interviews, Litwack reasonably concludes that "such objections suggest not that these records are invalid but only that historians need to use them with care and subject them to the same rigorous standards of historical criticism they would apply to other sources."

By drawing on these interviews, along with many other sources, Litwack has been able to recapture, in the words of blacks themselves, just how slaves responded to Confederate defeat, how they received the news of emancipation, how blacks sought to test the limits of their new freedom, how they developed new patterns for black families, black schools and black churches, and how, disappointed in their hopes for a redistribution of lands, they adapted to a system of tenancy and sharecropping.

A second great virtue of *Been in the Storm So Long* is Litwack's recognition of the complexity of the developments he describes. He does not so much advance a novel thesis as present a broad panorama of black reactions. The author of *North of Slavery* (1961) and other important studies in Afro-American history, Litwack clearly sympathizes with the freedmen, rather than with their former masters, during these turbulent years of adjustment, but he resists the temptation to idealize, or to stereotype, the actions of the former slaves. He finds no single pattern that describes how blacks acted during the war; instead, "every plantation, every farm, every town no doubt had its own version of how the slaves behaved." "If the vast majority of the slaves refrained from aggressive acts and remained on the plantations," he observes,

> *most of them were neither 'rebellious' nor 'faithful' in the fullest sense of those terms, but rather ambivalent and observant, some of them frankly opportunistic, many of them anxious to preserve their anonymity, biding their time, searching for opportunities to break the dependency that bound them to their white families.*

When freedom came, thousands decamped from the plantations where they had been held in bondage, but many others—especially "the elderly, the infirm, and the very young"—never moved at all. The attitudes blacks cherished toward their former masters were varied and complex. At one extreme was an Alabama freedwoman who wrote her former owner in 1867: "Though freedom has been given to the colored race, I often sigh for the good old days of slave-times, when we were all so happy and contented." At the other was a North Carolina cook, who recalled after the war: "How many times I spit in the biscuits and peed in the coffee just to get back at them mean white folks."

A third distinctive merit of *Been in the Storm So Long* stems from Litwack's understanding that "the sheer complexity of the master-slave relationship" makes it imperative to understand how southern whites as well as blacks felt and behaved during these years of transition. Even more fully than Genovese and Roark he shows how owners felt "betrayed"—a word that frequently appears in the writings of southern whites—when their slaves, particularly their favored house servants, deserted them. Suddenly whites were forced to see that the "patriarchal" system of slavery had been a sham; they were obliged to recognize

> *how little they actually knew their blacks, how they had mistaken the slave's outward demeanor for his inner feelings, his docility for contentment and acquiescence, and how in numerous instances they had been deliberately deceived so that they might later be more easily betrayed.*

Soon many southern whites, as the Memphis *Argus* noted, came to view freedmen "with absolute hatred." All across the South there were instances where whites beat, flogged, mutilated and murdered blacks, on provocations that "ranged from disagreement over wages, working conditions, and the quality of work performed to the presence of black troops, black political and religious meetings, resistance to punishment, and suspicion of theft, murder, and rape." "What proved even more alarming," Litwack observes, "were the numerous instances of violence in which no reason could easily be ascertained, except perhaps the frustration of military defeat and emotional and recreational deprivation." It was "the legacy of distrust, bitterness, and recrimination emerging out of experiences like these" that "helped to shape race relations in the South for the next several decades."

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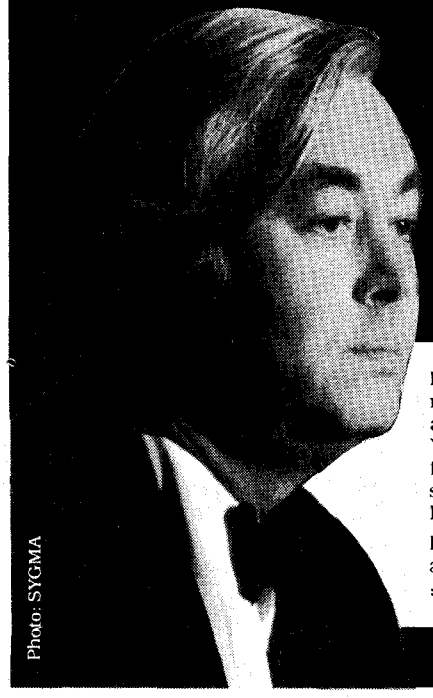

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The most original part of *Been in the Storm So Long* is Litwack's rather brief discussion of the blacks' search for

> *racial identity—how to define themselves as a people and as a race in relation to a society made up largely of whites who viewed themselves as superior by virtue of their skin, their Anglo-Saxon heritage, their mental endowments, and their future prospects.*

The problem of self-identification was the more complex because, while virtually all blacks hated slavery and yearned for a northern victory in the Civil War, "they did nevertheless view themselves as Southerners" and sensed "that their lives and destinies were intricately bound with the white people of the South." During the Reconstruction years some black leaders sought to emphasize their people's African heritage. More "thought it important to underscore their Americanism," and one Florida black politician defined success in Reconstruction as securing, "for the next ten years, three clean shirts a week, a tooth brush, and spelling book to every Freedman." Neither those who invoked "these time-honored middle-class verities" nor those who turned to an African tradition could have anticipated how little either approach would do to integrate the Negro into a racist society.

A long book, an important book, and a richly rewarding book, *Been in the Storm So Long* belongs on that short shelf of indispensable works on southern history. Full and comprehensive on the war and the first two years of Reconstruction, it calls for a sequel that will trace the history of southern blacks during the crucial decade after 1867.

David Herbert Donald

David Herbert Donald, who is chairman of the American Civilization program at Harvard, is the author of *Liberty and Union* (Little, Brown).

Concepts and Categories: Philosophical Essays by Isaiah Berlin

(Viking; $12.95)

The editorial design of Sir Isaiah Berlin's collected essays—of which this is the second volume—presupposes a sharp and clear distinction between philosophy on the one hand and the history of ideas on the other. So we are told that the present work includes all of Berlin's major contributions to *philosophy* except for "Historical Inevitability" and "Two Concepts of Liberty" which have already appeared in *Four Essays on Liberty* (1970); while the essays in *Russian Thinkers* (1978), in *Vico and Herder* (1976) and in two forthcoming volumes of the collected essays, comprise Berlin's contribution to the history of thought. This distinction in a variety of forms dominates a good deal of contemporary academic thinking, and in his recent history of American philosophy Bruce Kuklick was able to identify with some precision the way in which philosophy and the history of philosophy came to be treated as distinct kinds of inquiry in the Harvard of Royce, Perry and Montague. It was indeed the Harvard tradition in these matters that influenced Berlin to define his own academic career in this way.

In the 1930s Berlin had been a member of a small group of philosophers at Oxford, all of them out of sympathy with the dominant modes of philosophy in England and some of them already defining what were to turn out to be the new dimensions of the discipline. A. J. Ayer was a missionary on behalf of the logical positivism of pre-Nazi Vienna. J. L. Austin was writing papers which anticipated the distinctive power of the linguistic analyses which were his post-war contributions to philosophy. When World War II intervened and Ayer and Austin went off to distinguished careers as soldiers, Berlin embarked on an equally distinguished career of wartime service which took him to the British Embassy in Washington. It was while he was stationed in Washington, but already contemplating his return to Oxford toward the end of the war, that he had a seminal conversation at Harvard with the great logician, Henry Sheffer. Sheffer contrasted those studies in which there is a progressive accumulation of knowledge, such as logic or psychology or history, with philosophy proper which, although "a marvellous province of thought" exhibited no such progress or growth. Pondering this distinction, Berlin "in the months that followed" became convinced that "I should prefer a field in which one could hope to know more at the end of one's life than when one had begun; and so I left philosophy for the field of history of ideas. . . ." By telling this anecdote in his preface to this book Berlin seems to invite us to read these essays as the type of thinking that he essentially put behind him around 1945.

The first oddity in this view of the matter is that of the papers published here only one, that on "Verification," was not written and published *after* 1945 and some appeared as late as the early 1960s; and of the clearly philosophical essays not published here, *all* were written and published after 1945. It is, I take it, a mark of Berlin's unusual modesty about his own philosophical achievements that he disowns in this surprising way what has clearly been a major preoccupation for a much larger part of his intellectual life than he here suggests. It is perhaps his way of not making any claims of his own on behalf of the merits of his philosophical work; indeed he had to be persuaded by the enthusiasm of his editor, Mr. Henry Hardy, and by the judgment of Professor Bernard Williams to allow the book to appear. And this suggests a more interesting, less superficial oddity in Berlin's self-portrait. It is the *depth* of Berlin's commitment at the level of theory to the distinction between philosophy and the history of ideas, a distinction which is, however, put sharply in question as much by Berlin's practice in his own work as by anyone else's theory or practice.

For the history of ideas *cannot*, if adequately carried through, escape being genuinely philosophical, just as philosophy, if *it* is adequately carried through, cannot escape being genuinely historical. The history of ideas cannot escape being philosophical because, whether it is the history of science, the history of thinking about the arts or the history of philosophy itself, it has to record not merely what conflicts among different theories occurred and which point of view prevailed, but which

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arguments genuinely, that is rationally, defeated which. To write the history of ideas we must be able to distinguish periods of rational progress from periods of decline, periods in which creative rationality has overcome barriers of superstition, of ideology or of censorship from periods in which it has been defeated by them. Thus any history of ideas has to express or presuppose some point of view on such philosophical issues as what constitutes the rational superiority of one theory to another and how considerations of logic, of evidence and of metaphysics each play their part in the competition of theory with theory, belief with belief. More particularly, any history of philosophy, including that of social and political philosophy, cannot avoid the expression of positions on a large number of philosophical issues.

Philosophy in parallel fashion cannot escape being historical. Every philosophical theory, whether in metaphysics, epistemology or ethics, comes to us as a body of thought which has persisted through time, which bears the mark of its encounters with rival theories, with social institutions, with allies and with enemies. So utilitarianism, for example, is first Bentham's theory, then Mill's and then Sidgwick's, and at each stage it defeats its critics only at the price of extensive modification. To evaluate utilitarian philosophy is precisely to evaluate how that doctrine has fared in the course of history, just as to write its history is to chart its philosophical achievements and failures. And what is true of utilitarianism is true of every other philosophical theory.

There is therefore something inherently paradoxical in the notion of leaving philosophy behind and setting oneself to the history of ideas instead. Hence it is unsurprising that this is in fact a transition Berlin has never made. His work in the history of ideas remains obstinately and distinctively philosophical; and his philosophy, as evidenced in this book, is in very large part precisely the philosophical underpinning required by his attitudes and arguments in the history of ideas. Throughout his work on the history of ideas Berlin exhibits allegiance to four philosophical positions. The first is that history has its own distinctive mode of understanding which is not at all that of the natural sciences. His commitment to this view is evident both in the way he writes history and in the hostile attitude he takes to philosophers of history who have held the contrary view and have therefore searched for laws governing the course of historical development. The second is that there is an ultimate plurality of values and that consequently in any society in which a single value is allowed to dominate, a number of geniune and important values will be suppressed. Human flourishing requires conditions in which allegiance to many not always compatible values is permitted and in which diversity in forms of the good life is encouraged. The third proposition to which Berlin gives allegiance is that such diversity and pluralism will be sustained only in a liberal society where a negative freedom—which consists in the absence of external constraints—flourishes. And finally Berlin affirms a fourth position: that one crucial feature of social life which traps us into assent to illiberal social modes is a lack of awareness of the function of a variety of models, categories and concepts in shaping our thought. It is no surprise that one way of viewing the philosophical essays in this book is as providing defenses for these four positions.

In "The Concept of Scientific History" Berlin defends the first of these positions; in the essay on "Equality" he treats equality as one value among others in a way that both defends and enlarges our understanding of the second position; in "From Hope and Fear Set Free" he provides part of the philosophical basis for a sophisticated liberal view of freedom and its relationship to knowledge, thus providing support for the third position; and in the two essays, "The Purpose of Philosophy" and "Does Political Theory Still Exist?" we find splendid statements of the fourth position. All this is surely strong evidence in support of my contentions about the place of philosophy in Berlin's work. There remain, however, three papers which require additional comment. They are those on "Verification," on "Empirical Proposition and Hypothetical Statements" and on "Logical Translation."

What these three contain is the record of Berlin's own critique of the earlier and narrower phases of that philosophy of linguistic and logical analysis among the protagonists of which he developed his early philosophical views. These essays represent moments in a continuous debate which has since moved beyond the positions taken by Berlin. In their general suspicion of verificationism and of phenomenalism they not only represent positions which have later proved fertile, they also provide necessary philosophical underpinnings for Berlin's moral point of view. Once again Berlin provides us with evidence of the importance of minute philosophical inquiry if we are to make progress in answering large metaphysical, ideological and moral questions.

This is a thoroughly worthwhile book. Professor Bernard Williams in his introduction writes of the loss incurred in the "transition from Berlin in person to Berlin in print," from the extraordinary liveliness of Berlin's conversation to the necessarily quieter tone of his writing. Nonetheless the writing does convey something which Berlin as a lecturer or conversationalist has always conveyed: the power of the imagination to enliven the intellect. Williams very justly remarks that "thoughts are present to Berlin not just, or primarily, as systematic possibilities, but as historically and psychologically actual and as something to be known and understood in these concrete terms." Berlin never forgets that all thought is *somebody's* thought and belongs in some time and place. We might add that he never forgets either that it is *thought* with which he is dealing. At the root of both achievements is a quite unusual intellectual courtesy to those with whom he debates and the outcome of that courtesy is precisely an unwillingness to sacrifice the concreteness of history to the abstraction of philosophy or *vice versa*. How very, very odd then, that his one failure in intellectual history should be with himself!

Alasdair MacIntyre

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Sleepless Nights
by Elizabeth Hardwick

(Random House; $8.95)

"After all," asked Virginia Woolf, "what is a lovely phrase? One that has mopped up as much Truth as it can hold." Woolf's definition is a generous one, I suspect, for all too frequently—as some of her own work demonstrates—style casts a withering eye on substances and lovely phrases mop up nothing other than loveliness. Then there are those rare instances that prove the magnanimous right and the skeptical wrong; there is, for example, Elizabeth Hardwick. Hardwick may be read, to be sure, for the sheer loveliness of her prose, sentences so burnished you can skate across them: "Every great city is a Lourdes where you hope to throw off your crutches but meanwhile must stumble along on them, hobbling under the protection of the shrine." But to do just this is to miss out on half of it—the obdurate and unlovely Truths that her limpid manner discloses:

> *I like to remember the patience of old spinsters, some that looked like sea captains with their clear blue eyes, hair of soft, snowy whiteness, dazzling cheerfulness. Solitary music teachers, themselves bred on toil, leading the young by way of pain and discipline to their own honorable impasse, teaching in that way the scales of disappointment.*

Ah yes, you say, jolted in your reading by the sudden prick of blood, the fierce turn at the end of a silky thought.

Sleepless Nights is a novel that is constantly belying itself, caught in the act of its own reconsiderations. In this sense, at least, Hardwick can be said to be a "feminine" writer, if what one means by the term is a proclivity to *suspend* oneself *in* rather than *impose* oneself *upon* the flow of the narrative. Such writing tends to have a distinctly personal tone; it strikes a note of circumscribed familiarity. (You needn't, by the way, be a woman to write in this mode—Isaac Babel did, and wasn't—nor, of course, does the mere fact of being a women mean that you will—George Eliot didn't, and was.) *Sleepless Nights*, then, is very much "a character": elegant and a bit superior but also intensely matter-of-fact and sympathetic. The spirit of melancholy haunts its pages—not a contemporary "depression," but the old-style *Weltschmerz* variety, the sort of emotional displacement the Consul in Malcolm Lowry's *Under the Volcano* wants to write a song about—that "I'm Homesick for Being Homesick (for being homesick for home) Vocal Fox Trot."

Hardwick's novel is about memory and its impingements: the people who stick in one's imagination—that eternal present tense—like burrs and the rooms one has left behind. The narrator's letters are signed "Elizabeth" and the details of her life coincide rather strikingly with some of the more public details of Hardwick's life but we are cautioned not to draw any easy conclusions, since the writer herself has not yet made up her mind between the teller and the telling: "At times I am not certain," she writes a page before the last, "who is imagining the working people living in their clashing houses, lying in their landscape, as if beneath a layer of underclothes."

Still, there are certain facts, impressions which aggregate into a mother, lover, birthplace, friends. The narrator begins in Lexington, Kentucky—"It is not true that it doesn't matter where you live, that you are in Hartford or Dallas merely yourself"—and seems to carry remnants of its woebegone tranquillity like homely but beloved knicknacks into later, more sophisticated environs. There were romantic apparitions, a man who wore brown and read Verlaine, the promised voyage out from the backwoods of where she happened to be: "I have always, all my life, been looking for help from a man. It has come many times and many more it has not. This began early." There was a mother who "bewitched" her—a figure here celebrated, with great wistfulness, for the solidity of her bearings—"her round, soft curves, her hair twisted into limp curls at the temples, her weight on a stepladder washing windows, her roast and potatoes and fat yeast rolls." Most strikingly, this mother is recalled—by a daughter of less whole-hearted temperament—for her unself-conscious assumption of a role that brought with it—although the feminist redefinition of women has helped us lose sight of such a possibility—a deep, if inarticulate gratification:

> *My mother's femaleness was absolute, incipient, and there was a peculiar, helpless assertiveness about it. Not the assertiveness of opinion. . . . The assertiveness was merely the old, profound acceptance of the things of life. It was modest, smooth and soft as a handful of cotton.*

After college came graduate work at Columbia and "the joy of New York." A cheesy residential hotel in the west 40s, the Automat's inedible offerings—"mud, glue and leather, from these textures you made your choice"—the electrifying impact of hearing Billie Holiday, the curious habits of friends: all these are exactingly noted by a sensibility that is a remarkable blend of the well-bred and the unblinking. (One thinks immediately of other southern-born writers marked by this cast of mind—of Flannery O'Connor, Carson McCullers and Truman Capote.) Hardwick is possessed, especially, of an antennae-like receptivity to "the chill of failure" that underlies social demeanor: "A number of jazz musicians were there. The late morning light fell mercilessly on their unsteady, night faces. In the daytime these people, all except her, had a furtive, suburban aspect, like family men who work the night shift."

She marries, travels, goes to parties. She records the conversations of various very intelligent and very bored people who sound as if they had recently been cruising on Renata Adler's *Speedboat*: "There was talk about poverty. Poverty is very big this year, someone said." Her interest in privileged anguish is somewhat anthropological—uneasy spyings on the customs of a tribe she may, in fact, belong to—and is less compelling and vastly less moving than the parts of the novel that travel among the down-and-out.

My favorite section among these is toward the end; it recounts, with gleaming, lapidary skill, the histories of Josette and Ida—a cleaning woman and laundress, respectively, with whom the author has been acquainted through a home in Boston and a summer cottage in Maine. Hardwick writes about their straitened, unexpressive lives with immense kinship and in doing so gives their humanity a poignant utterance reminiscent only of the Flaubert of "Un Coeur Simple":

> *Her large, muscled arms hold me for a moment in a pounding embrace, the smell of laundry is, truly, like a bitter, sacred incense. Her cropped hair is damp. Her legs are swollen, the large, aching ankles seem to groan as she pulls her weight along. She stands there, the great teeth throbbing in her round, gleaming face. Oh, Ida.*

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Sleepless Nights is a novel that will be read differently by different readers. Those looking for lovely phrases will find them, in abundance; those looking for explicitly female conditions of misery will find them, too. But the way I prefer to read it is for the pain that shimmers around the edges of its symmetry—the bewilderment and sorrow that have been fashioned, with consummate artistry, into gravures of dark beauty.

Daphne Merkin

Daphne Merkin is a freelance writer.

Birds of Passage: Migrant Labor and Industrial Societies by Michael J. Piore

(Cambridge University Press; $14.95)

Because so many of us think of America as "a nation of immigrants," we assume a natural understanding of migration. The immigrant ancestor who journeyed from the Old World to the New (or from the rural South to the urban, industrial North) is a captivating cultural image. It influences how we see ourselves and our society, and it largely determines how we judge contemporary immigration to the United States.

According to Michael J. Piore, an economist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, this cultural image is misleading and potentially dangerous. *Birds of Passage* is a humane and reasoned analysis of migration in industrial societies which helps us see through our collective myths. At a time when immigration is again the subject of an often strident debate, this book is essential reading for policy-makers and the general public alike.

Piore's guiding principle is that "human behavior in general and migration in particular [is rooted] in the social context from which it springs." This simple premise invalidates conventional economic models of migration which treat migrants as so many commodities put into motion by income differentials between developed and undeveloped regions. Instead, the social structure of the developed country—and in particular the structure of the "jobs market"—shapes the "migration stream." Likewise, the social and political experience of the migrant community makes it a new ingredient in that structure, a point of pressure and conflict, and, under certain circumstances, an agent of change.

The motor of migration is the dual labor market. Industries of high and stable demand—the core of the industrial economy—create jobs in a primary labor market where wages are relatively high and jobs secure. Other industries of variable demand, more on the periphery of the economy, define a secondary labor market where wages are low and employment fluctuates with periods of expansion and contraction. Migrants do not initiate migration; employers do. They recruit migrants for the jobs in the secondary market which native workers consider unacceptable. Migrants serve as a safety-valve for the industrial economy, shuttling back and forth between the developed society and their home country or region as this economy demands. From this perspective, migration has little to do with "underdevelopment." If Mexico were to solve its unemployment problem tomorrow, we would simply search for our migrant labor force elsewhere.

Contrary to the accepted image, migrants rarely plan to remain in the developed society. Their strategy is a quick raid on the relatively high wages there and, when they have accumulated enough money, a strategic retreat home to establish themselves as small landowners or entrepreneurs. "In this sense, the migrant is initially a true economic man, probably the closest thing in real life to the *Homo economicus* of economic theory."

Unfortunately, the quick raid usually becomes an extended war; for most migrants this first stage is inevitably temporary. The acute social problems associated with migration arise during the transition period, what Piore calls "the settlement process." This process fundamentally alters the rules of the migration game. During the temporary stage, migrants are willing to bear the exploitation and indignities of the secondary labor market. Their "real lives" are back home, so they take the menial jobs which native workers refuse. But as the migration stream continues, new social ties spring up. Soon entire families migrate rather than just the men; attachments to place and extended ethnic networks develop. By the time of the "second generation," the immigrant community is no longer so willing to accept the dead-end jobs to which they have been relegated (and which are the industrial society's *raison d'être* for their migration in the first place). They begin to compete with native workers for the jobs of the primary labor market. Shifting the very boundary between the primary and secondary markets, they try to win for themselves the job security and higher wages enjoyed by native workers.

This model proves to be a fascinating tool of historical interpretation. Piore's provocative thesis is that the two periods of major social conflict during the past 50 years—the labor struggles of the 1930s and the racial conflict of the 1960s—are explained in part by the emergence of the second generation in two immigrant communities and their efforts to break out of the secondary labor market. Whereas the children of the turn-of-the-century European immigrants largely succeeded in winning job security (before the 1930s, jobs in the American automobile industry had all the features of secondary market jobs; in contemporary Europe, migrants are still an important element of the automobile assembly work force), the second generation of the black migration from the South to the northern cities did not, primarily due to the successes of earlier immigrant groups. "As the demarcation between primary and secondary jobs has been much more clearly defined than it was for earlier groups, it has probably become correspondingly more difficult to cross."

This fact defines the dilemmas of contemporary immigration in America. As blacks have rejected the exploitative conditions of the secondary job market,

Coming:

Martin Duberman on Masters and Johnson.

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employers have turned to the new migrants from Mexico and the Caribbean. But, "given the fact that the society seems unable to meet the demands of the previous wave of black migration," what hope can there be for the second generation of this new wave? If "one must judge the immigration process in terms of the capacity of the society to meet the expectations it generates," then our immigration problem has only just begun.

Piore's policy provisions are generally sensible, especially his argument that simply restricting immigration will not necessarily help disadvantaged native workers and may actually hurt them by condemning them to permanent secondary market status. Yet his recommendations do not match the complexity of the problems he uncovers, primarily because these problems go far beyond the issue of migration to the very nature of our economic system. Clearly, the size of the secondary labor market is the key; Piore recommends shrinking it by increasing the minimum wage, strict enforcement of health and safety regulations, unionization, etc. But how to imagine such changes given the present distribution of economic and political power? Though he flirts with the radical proposition that only fundamental social change can resolve our immigration dilemma, Piore finally leaves this general question unanswered. As a result, one completes this excellent book more, rather than less, pessimistic about the capacity of this nation of immigrants to "meet the expectations it generates."

Robert Howard

Robert Howard is a Washington writer.

North of South: An African Journey by Shiva Naipaul

(Simon & Schuster; $10.95)

A Bend in the River by V. S. Naipaul

(Knopf; $9.95)

An account of a journey through Kenya, Tanzania and Zambia, *North of South* is a remarkably bad-tempered book. Africa annoyed Shiva Naipaul. India annoyed his brother who wrote two caustic books about his Indian travels, but in reading them one felt that V. S. Naipaul's soul was on the line: he was an Indian castigating his own culture so he had a moral warrant for saying harsh things. Shiva Naipaul is a West Indian novelist now living in London; he has no warrant in Africa. He is on a moral holiday there. Testy as it is, *North of South* is a first-rate book—spirited, funny, written with economy and care—but it is not a great book like *India: A Wounded Civilization*, because Shiva Naipaul is not implicated in what he indicts. He went to Africa seeking precisely what he found: he includes a letter to his publisher which sketches out his ideological itinerary. So there is little in Africa that can shock him; and, though much angers him, nothing there can hurt him.

Nothing, that is, except the way black Africans feel toward people like himself, toward "Asians." "How is it you people get everywhere?" He hears this all the time from the Africans. In a Zambian newspaper he reads headline stories about Asian doctors who kill their African patients, stories about Asian businessmen fleeing the subcontinent with suitcases full of money—stories such as might have appeared in German newspapers in the 1930s about the Jews. On the other hand he hears nothing but praise for the Europeans; the exploitation of the colonial era, the bloody struggles for independence, seem to have been forgotten. In the new states of black Africa the generation of Uhuru—of independence—has been replaced by new men, "black Europeans," who drive Mercedes-Benzes and send their children to European schools and boast of the number of white teachers in their own schools. These black Europeans parody what they want to possess, impersonate what they want to be. The politics of these new men is a parody: "Marxism, like Christianity before it, has been reduced to caricature in Africa." "Liberation," "revolution" and "socialism," are cant words in Africa, incantations which take the place of action. "Front-line states," that too is an incantation: in black Africa surprise is reserved for displays of anti-South African passion. "Why get hung up about apartheid and all that shit," a Zambian businessman, who benefits from trade with South Africa, tells Naipaul. Why indeed? When the president of Botswana, a front line state, is ill, he's rushed to a "whites only" hospital in South Africa. As for Rhodesia, it is widely admired for its climate, its spotless public latrines, and its impeccable roads.

It is a paradox, a mystery, this popularity of the whites, this hatred of the inoffensive Asians, and, underneath his urbane bafflement, it makes Shiva Naipaul furious with the Africans. "Transitional states," he writes, "are full of pain, riddled with illusion." There is much pain in what he describes, but he shows very little sympathy for it; his forte is exposing the illusion. Here is his farewell to Africa: "Hopeless doomed continent! Only lies flourished here. Africa was swaddled in lies—the lies of an aborted European civilization, the lies of liberation. Nothing but lies."

"Nothing but"—it is the language of obsession, not that of observation. Africa is unproblematic to Naipaul. He needn't have gone there at all; he could have written his book straight from his prejudices. Those prejudices light up the plight of the marginal men, the Asian population in the new black nations, but they stand between the reader and Africa. This would not be a problem in a novel but in a work which claims to be transparent on reality it causes a loss of belief, it induces an indiscriminate skepticism, finally it makes the reader as churlish and ungenerous as Mr. Naipaul.

North of South presents a satirical view of a parody civilization, and this is ironic, because it reads like a parody of the travel books of Shiva Naipaul's more illustrious brother. So one must take Shiva's fulminations against the inauthenticity of the Africans with a dose of irony. Who is he, writing in a form borrowed from his brother, to talk about authenticity? I found myself asking. For here are the themes of V. S. Naipaul's books: authenticity, fantasy as an immobilizing force, the squalid racket of

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third-world politics, the social comedy of has no name—neither does the river, nor sounded in a more hysterical key. Is it ungenerous of me to wonder aloud if some of the anger in Shiva Naipaul's narrative has its sources in his feelings not about Africa but about borrowing his brother's form, striking his brother's rhetorical stances, and using his brothers tropes and tones and even his brother's diction? Mrs. Naipaul may of course have produced two sons with very similar obsessions; in that very likely case there would be no question of parody, of unconscious imitation. And perhaps that is the least churlish way to leave the matter, as the problematic, conjectural thing that it is. On to *A Bend in the River*.

The subject, the atmosphere, the very texture of *A Bend in the River* is political anxiety: the uncertainty of life in transitional states like those visited by Shiva Naipaul. The anxiety, the pressure of events that are never fully disclosed, events whose whole reality is fear, reminded me of the atmosphere of *Man's Fate*; while the involutions of the political situation made me think of Conrad's *Nostromo*. There are in fact several homages to Conrad—it is impossible to read about a steamer going up an African river without thinking of Conrad—but the novel enacts V. S. Naipaul's vision of the world, it dramatizes his inimitable voice, cool yet charged with emotion, the voice of a master of modern English prose. *A Bend in the River* is about important things, but it is a work of art because it is written in what D. H. Lawrence called "art-speech."

The main character is Salim, an Asian from the coast, one of the marginal men the Africans resent, and who, as we learn from the misadventures of another character, are not wanted in India—from which their ancestors emigrated to build the railroads and run the shops of colonial Africa. A people without a country, these Asians lack the protection of passports in the new Africa, the Africa of the bumptious nationalism satirized by Shiva Naipaul. Salim is the narrator of *A Bend in the River* and his anxious voice is the voice of a stateless, unprotected man.

The novel begins with Salim's journey up from his family's home on the east coast to the interior, to a settlement at the bend of a great river. The settlement has no name—neither does the river, nor the country which contains both—and until recently it had no peace: Salim has taken over the dry goods store of a friend of his family who fled to Uganda as the most recent wave of troubles broke over the town. Salim settles in and goes through the motions of a normal life, but he is made uneasy by the ruins of the old colonial city which poke up through the settlement like warnings. The European order has been destroyed but the Europeans have left their guns and their political ideas behind them; using both, shadowy parties of the Africans have fought over the settlement, jockeying for advantage in the post-colonial state. It is not clear who these parties

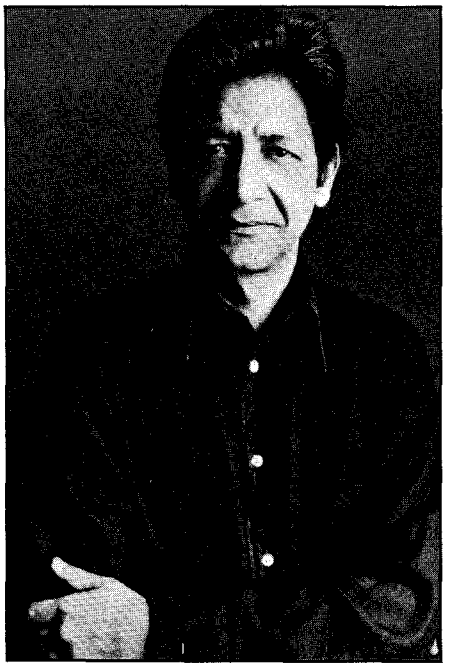

photo of V.S. Naipaul by Jerry Bauer

are, but we hear rumors of a strong central authority emanating from the distant capital. That is one side. The other side is even more obscure, but it seems to be made up of elements who want to transform the independence movement into a full-scale revolution; nationalists, perhaps (although the term can be misleading in the African context) resentful of the European influence in the new order. Salim, seeing their faces, calls them "people crazed with the idea of who they were," which is a striking description of the passion of nationalism. Early in his stay, these rebels try to seize the town but the strong central authority sends in European mercenaries who slaughter them, along with the local militia who had not been able to contain them. (Inevitably one thinks of the Congo in the early 1960s, which seems to be roughly the time of the novel.)

Salim becomes aware of this political maelstrom only as it affects his business or his relationships with the people in the town, with the Africans in particular. He has an African servant, Metty, who followed him up from the coast where the old pattern of Asian master and black servant has recently and violently been reversed. Metty has heard the new appeals but remains unaffected by them; a devoted servant, he looks to the feckless Salim for protection. It is Ferdinand, the son of an African trader, a woman from the bush, who represents the new Africa. His mother enrolls him in the settlement school, and soon he enters the *polytechnique* in the New Domain, and soon after that he leaves for the capital to work in the government, the government that has created this New Domain—with its *polytechnique* and its gleaming new apartments—outside the settlement as an embodiment of its modernizing will, the government led by a president whose photograph suddenly appears all over the town, the president everyone calls "the Big Man."

We first hear of this Big Man a page or two before one of Salim's Asian friends opens a Bigburger franchise in the town. The Big Man's rule has brought prosperity but chiefly of this ephemeral consumer kind. Yet it is enough to drug Salim and his Asian friends into thinking that they can hold on. Salim has an affair with a Belgian wife of a European scholar to whom the Big Man has given a sinecure in the New Domain, and this too drugs him. Caught up in his private pleasures he loses touch with the volatile political climate, which is now turning against the Big Man, moving in an ominously anti-modern and xenophobic direction. Salim breaks off the affair, realizes his peril and in a panic tries to get out with his little profit from the business. But it's too late for that: his shop is nationalized; he barely escapes with his life.

"In countries without institutions, law and an honest sense of history," Naipaul remarked in a recent interview, "politics usually means no more than identifying the enemy." *A Bend in the River* is a portrait of a man in such a country, a man of the growing fourth world of stateless men who crowd the streets of London, the city of modern exile, the place where people "frightened of the fire" go to hide. The fire is modern history itself, which, everywhere except in the former metropolitan countries of the West, makes an innocent life such as Salim's, with its little pleasures and its inoffensive pursuit of trade, seem more and more like a dream of escape.

Jack Beatty

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Brief Reviews

Reinventing Womanhood by Carolyn G. Heilbrun

(Norton; $11.95)

In this foray into the feminist debate, literary critic Carolyn Heilbrun undertakes to imagine a new and fuller selfhood for women. Her manifesto follows a "winding path between life and literature," she says in her introduction. The lives include her own, which she describes in some detail; the lives of several other "achieving" women, among them Golda Meir, Indira Gandhi and Phyllis Schlafly; and the more general experience of women in families and society. Along the way she dips into Aeschylus, Grimm, Mary Renault, George Eliot, Lionel Trilling and many others, looking "not only for the articulation of female constriction and despair, but also for proclamations of the possibilities of life." (And of course she wrestles with Freud.) The book she emerges with is frustratingly uneven but thought-provoking.

Heilbrun makes her central argument clear at every bend in her often overly polemical course: that women have neither been thought of nor have thought of themselves as autonomous, fully developed selves. They have been "outsiders," excluded from the male-dominated centers of power. Simone de Beauvoir made a similar argument in more philosophic terms in *The Second Sex*:

> *Woman is defined and differentiated with reference to man and not he with reference to her; she is the incidental, the inessential as opposed to the essential. He is the Subject, he is the Absolute—she is the Other.*

Unlike de Beauvoir, whose main concern was to describe women's dependent condition, Heilbrun's contribution to the feminist cause is prescriptive: "I want to tell women that the male model for autonomy and achievement is, indeed, the one they still must follow."

She argues that assertiveness, achievement, autonomy, ambitious engagement in the public sphere do not threaten feminine identity, but fulfill it. Heilbrun derives her most interesting defense of her position from Lionel Trilling (her older colleague but never her mentor at Columbia) who devoted his work to charting the relation—constructive as well as destructive—between culture and the self, a distinctly male self, Heilbrun notes. Trilling warned of the dangers of a "personality whose whole being is attuned to catch the signals sent out by the consensus of his fellows and by the institutional agencies of that culture"; this man was a mere "reiterated impersonation," barely a self at all. Heilbrun asks rhetorically:

> *Is there a better description of woman's situation today? Autonomy for woman has sometimes been denigrated by those who see no profit in women's imitation of the male scramble for power at the cost of loving. But Trilling's words make clear that the danger is not of imitation of men, but of women's internalizations of men's signals and institutions.*

Women need not sacrifice love for autonomy, Heilbrun argues persuasively but perhaps too easily. Women can "overthrow the institution of 'motherhood'" and share loving with men, who can repossess their fatherhood; the private, domestic, moral virtues can be preserved in truly whole and happier families.

Radical feminists, as well as defenders of hearth and home, are likely to bridle at Heilbrun's exhortations to head for the male, establishment camp. But she wants to denounce just such cooptation. Again and again she deplores "the fact that women of high achievement, outside the brief periods of high feminism, have become honorary men, have consented to be token women rather than women bonded with other women and supporting them." Though her arguments tend to be loose and her emphases skewed, Heilbrun sets an inspiring goal: autonomy for the self and imaginative sympathy for a community—of women.

A.H.

Giving Up the Gun: Japan's Reversion to the Sword, 1543-1879 by Noel Perrin

(David R. Godine; $8.95)

Through his description of one historical event in Japan's national experience, Noel Perrin has written a book as tight and elegant as a *haiku*. The historical event is a fascinating one: Japan's introduction to, mastery of, and subsequent abandonment of, the gun.

Perrin's book begins in 1543 with the initial Japanese contact with "itinerant Portuguese adventurers" who possessed *arquebuses* and the ammunition with which to show them off to their hosts.

Japan was, at this time, an impressive industrial and mercantile power, and the book carefully describes the ingenuity and craft with which her samurai class began to exploit the opportunity of this new device. The Japanese took the recently introduced arms, examined them and found them lacking.

Soon, under the guidance of the samurai, Japanese tactical planners adopted an improved version of the *arquebus* (or *teppo*, as the Japanese came to call it) and began to teach its use in war manuals. (Illustrations from these antique manuals grace Perrin's book; the proportion of line and calligraphy is quite familiar to appreciative eyes, but how odd to see their delicacy put to such a militaristic use!)

Even as these forces of adaptation were making the gun a seemingly irrevocable part of Japanese society, other forces were rising to counteract its presence. Perrin's ample research shows several reasons for the gradual abandonment of the gun after the Japanese had used it domestically and in international conflicts for over 100 years. These reasons can be summed up in three categories: samurai honor, local geography and personal aesthetics.

The first reason is simple enough; the samurai were nothing if not class conscious, and any simple peasant could be equal in power to a grand samurai through the acquisition of a sharp eye and a firearm. The second reason is also important; Japan's mountainous island topography made it a poor target for extensive invasion from outside powers, thus lessening the impetus of national defense against foreign aggression. But the third reason—personal aesthetics—is possibly the most compelling reason why Japan gave up the gun and returned to the sword. Perrin writes:

> *The symbolic value that swords had in Japan was more or less independent of how one physically handled them in battle. The symbolism could be attached to almost any weapon. . . . A sword is simply a more graceful weapon to use than a gun. . . .*

Because of its subject matter, *Giving Up the Gun* might be considered a book of limited interest, which would be unfortunate, for Perrin's work is so crisp and interesting and so loaded with

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background information and revealing anecdotes, that the whole peculiar episode it describes jumps to life from its pages.

Ron Anderson

Ron Anderson is a freelance writer and editor based in Washington, DC.

Correspondence, *from page 3*

rare occasions in recent months, namely Chappaquiddick. Opinion polls taken last August (*Time*, August 21, 1978) demonstrated a dramatic downturn in public concern over the issue. On learning the results of the surprising poll, I remember thinking that the published reports alone would clear a path for Kennedy to the White House. The public and the press no doubt would let the issue rest.

But Osborne argues persuasively that Reagan and others would resurrect the issue if Kennedy decides to run, and as a result of this "he would be taxed remorselessly with Chappaquiddick." This is probably true, but I for one do not think the attack could lead to a Kennedy defeat. Chappaquiddick raises an essentially moral issue before a less than moral voting public. I can foresee voter after voter, having voiced strong reservations about Kennedy's moral fiber, going into the booth, drawing the curtain and punching the Kennedy card—not with open confidence, but say with the same willingness that a married person at a party enters the back room with the one who has been giving him or her the eyes all night, and closes the door behind the spouse, the friends and associates and morality.

Russell D. Carter
Atlanta, Georgia

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Washington Diarist

Condo Fever

About a year ago Eliot Marshall, formerly of this journal, and his wife bought a house and moved out of a moderately priced apartment complex in northwest Washington called McLean Gardens. By a stroke of luck, their moving out coincided with the purchase of McLean Gardens by a developer who planned to expand the complex and turn it into condominiums. To avoid legal hassles with the tenants—a regular feature of condo conversions in the District of Columbia—the developer offered to pay everybody a moving allowance. So Eliot and Molly got their move for free and (being light travelers) even pocketed a couple hundred dollars. They felt very clever. But not for long. It turns out that 164 tenants stayed put, arguing that a recent DC law gives them first refusal when a rental property goes condo. Whether the law applies to McLean Gardens is uncertain. Now, to settle the issue, the developer has offered the squatters $14,000 each to move out. The tenant group rejected this offer. One member called it "a drop in the bucket," another "highway robbery." Instead they have hired lawyers and gotten financial backers and plan to develop the property themselves. The prospects are so lucrative that they have offered the developer $1.5 million to drop *his* claim to the property and let them have it. It doesn't really matter how much one side ends up bribing the other to drop out of the race, since the market value of the small one- and two-bedroom apartments—originally $45,000 to $75,000—has gone up about $30,000 each in the year they've spent squabbling.

Will the fever ever break? House prices in the District have gone up an average of 30 percent in the past year. They are up by over half since *TNR* first wrote about the local real estate hysteria in our Washington issue of July 9, 1977. Thirty-year mortgage money is drying up because of DC's usury ceiling of 11 percent, according to one of the ubiquitous real estate agents. It gives me no confidence that inflation will ebb to note that every government official I meet has hopped aboard the real estate boom train and is busily stoking the engine with money and wild talk. Many seem much more absorbed by their real estate deals than by their jobs (and in Washington, that reveals an obsession indeed). It's hard to avoid succumbing to the feeling that entering the 1980s without a large mortgage will be like entering a cold winter without a heavy overcoat—or, to switch images, that each realtor who calls is offering you a ticket on what may be the last train out of Paris before the Nazis arrive, and you shouldn't quarrel about the price. People argue that there's no way the boom will end: Washington is recession-proof, and federal employees are indexed for inflation. I am holding out on the assumption that any deal everybody's into can't be a good thing for long. And so I was momentarily cheered by last week's TRB column recalling expressions of confidence about the stock market boom of 1929 that sound just like what you hear about Washington real estate today. But in general the life of a Washington renter is nerve-racking, unless you stumble onto a good blackmail opportunity like the renters at McLean Gardens.

It's important to stay on top of the nomenclature in the real estate world. It used to be that realtors would talk delicately about a "changing" neighborhood. This meant an area that might still look pretty nice, but actually was undergoing a social decline. (Or sometimes it meant simply that whites were moving out and blacks were moving in.) No such neighborhoods exist anymore in Washington, DC. Today realtors talk about neighborhoods being "in transition," which means the opposite of "changing." A neighborhood "in transition" is one that still looks pretty dismal, but is worth paying some ludicrous price to move into because it's on the upswing as prosperous people (mostly white) move in and poor people (mostly black) move out. Realtors, needless to say, are happy to act as the midwives of history by facilitating both these swings.

To help meet the mortgage payments, especially if you have purchased a pile of bricks in some slum (whoops, "transition") area which has to be gutted and rebuilt anyway, it is common practice to fix up the cellar and rent it out to some poor sucker who lacks the brains or the down payment to buy a place. The strange euphemism that has grown up to describe these bottom floor apartments in the classified ads is "English basement." Someone must have thought that describing a basement as "English" would give it a kind of glamor or prestige that an ordinary American basement does not enjoy. But anyone who has ever tried to dry a shirt anywhere in England, even on an upper floor, is sure to feel that the adjective "English" was ill-chosen as a way of mitigating the impression of dampness and gloom conveyed by the word "basement." Indeed my first reaction was that the *New Statesman*, Britain's left-wing weekly magazine, was on to something of a non-story last week with a headline that read, "Chronic damp in half a million homes." But the article reported that "chronic damp" is a bit of a euphemism itself: in many British public housing units, the walls and ceilings are covered with green mold. Would you pay $500 a month to live in the basement of one of these places?

M.E.K.

drawing by Mike Peters

And how about that Christmas I asked you and Dad for a pony but all I got was underwear . . .

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Divided equally	65%
Not divided equally	28%
Don't know	7%

Source: March 1979 national probability sample, by telephone, of 1,000 adults. Conducted for Union Carbide by Roger Seasonwein Associates, Inc.

A majority said 'All of Us.'

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